

# The Emerging Writers of the Midwest

Volume 14, Number 86  
\$1.25



# FOCUS

## MIDWEST

Eric Abrams Stan Banks Walter Barger Jim Barnes  
Albert Bellg Jim Bogan Arthur Brown Lenore Carroll  
Jan Castro Michael Castro Elias Chiasson Michael  
Coor Robert Dyer Greg Field  
Laya Firestone Victoria  
Garton Karlene Gentile  
Paul Gianoli George Gurley  
Paul Johnson Robert  
Killoren John Knoepfle  
Lev Mak Thomas McAfee  
Jerred Metz Virginia Scott  
Minor Fred Pfister  
Carter Revard Ted  
Schaefer Howard Schwartz  
Peter L. Simpson  
Bob Stewart  
Robert Thompson  
Corinne Underwood



# out of focus

Readers are invited to submit  
items for publication,  
indicating whether  
the sender can be identified.  
Items must be fully documented  
and not require any comment.

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**FOOD FOR THOUGHT** U.S.S.R.—On December 5th Anatoly Runov, a 42-year-old Russian Baptist, was ordered by a court in the Gorky region to be compulsorily confined for an indefinite period in a psychiatric hospital after attempting to distribute leaflets on religious themes.

U.S.A.—On May 15th nuclear arms protesters in St. Louis (Mo.) were ordered to submit to psychological counseling or be jailed as the result of a trespassing conviction. The protesters were members of a group called Clergy and Laity Concerned. Associate Circuit Judge Samuel J. Hais told protesters, "I feel you are dangerous in certain respects." Another requirement of probation was giving up civil disobedience.

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**"AT THE PUBLIC TROUGH . . ." A LA ICHORD** In a convocation address at the University of Missouri at Columbia's College of Business and Public Administration, retiring Congressman Richard H. Ichord, encouraged his student audience to take political life seriously when he referred to the 20 candidates seeking to replace him in Congress. "Apparently feeding at the public trough is still an acceptable form of living," Ichord said. Ichord's record? Elected to the Missouri House in 1952, re-elected in 1954, 1956, 1958. Elected Congressman from the 8th district in 1960, re-elected in 1962, 1964, 1966, 1968, 1970, 1972, 1974, 1976 and 1978. A total of 28 years on the public tr . . . payroll.

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**SKUNKS IN DISFAVOR** Those interested in taking up skunks as a hobby will have to temporarily hold their . . . plans. The Missouri Department of Conservation has discontinued issuing hobby permits for skunks as the result of a rise in rabid specimens. Skunks are highly susceptible to rabies.

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**24-TIMES AS GOOD** A National Science Foundation Study found that small companies produce 24 times as many innovations per research dollar as the largest corporations.

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**ST. LOUIS HAS IT ALL, FROM A TO Z** The people of St. Louis commit more murders per capita than do the people of any major city in the United States.

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**JUDGES GET A SUBSIDIZED COURSE** More than one hundred federal judges, according to columnist Jack Anderson, have gone to Florida for a course in economics at the University of Miami Law School's Center for Studies in Law and Economics through the generosity of big companies such as Procter & Gamble, IBM and General Electric. Anderson quoted an internal memo of the Senate Judiciary Committee as calling the arrangement "a brazen attempt by the Business Roundtable crowd to influence the enforcement of antitrust laws." The Center's director, Henry Manne, is a leading conservative and right-wing activists in his field.

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**THREE TIMES AROUND THE EARTH** If all of the questionnaires printed for the 1980 census were laid end to end, they would stretch around the earth three times. The cost of printing was \$8.1 million, averaging less than five cents per form. Five thousand tons of paper and 85 tons of blue and black ink were used in the eight month round-the-clock printing job.

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**LARGER THAN ALL STATE TAXES** Exxon's profits for the first three months of 1980 are greater than the annual tax collections in twenty-nine states. If the revenue of the nation's oil companies continue at the current level, without any further increases, the revenues of three companies alone (Exxon, Gulf and Shell) will exceed all of the taxes collected by all of the states this year by almost \$30 billion.

—From CAPE, Newsletter of the Coalition of American Public Employees

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# FOCUS

MIDWEST

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## COMING INTO FOCUS

## MISSOURI STATE PRIMARY RESULTS

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## CHANGE IN SUBSCRIPTION RATES OCT. 1

For three years, FOCUS/Midwest has absorbed all inflationary increases in production costs. This year we are forced to make minor adjustments in individual subscriber rates:

1 year (6 issues) \$8; 2 years (12 issues) \$14;

3 years (18 issues) \$19.50; 5 years (30 issues) \$29.

Individual back issues are available at \$2.00 each. Complete sets (85 issues) of FOCUS/Midwest are available at a 50% discount, \$1.00 per issue.



## Limit oil company profits, says Eagleton

America appears to be powerless—except for consuming less—in reducing superprofits for oil merchants and the domestic looting of American consumers.

Control of oil is concentrated in the hands of a small number of private multinational companies. Their operations are obscured by U.S. importers, who also have domestic holdings and have a vested interest in higher foreign prices.

Auditing and investigations of oil companies are all meaningless gestures. Even million-dollar penalties are shrugged off by the multi-billion dollar oil giants. However, old fashioned competition may have a chance.

In an effort to increase American bargaining power and reduce domestic looting in the form of super profits for U.S. oil merchants, Senator Thomas Eagleton (D-Mo.) has proposed the "direct, active participation of the Government of the United States as the exclusive agent for the importation of such resources from other nations." Eagleton proposes the establishment of a non-profit corporation through the government that would purchase and distribute all foreign oil and petroleum products.

In Senate bill 1134, Eagleton argues that the establishment of one government corporation would facilitate the development of a coherent policy for importation. This would allow for the fair distribution and maximum utilization of oil producing facilities, should encourage domestic competition by assuring equal access to all U.S. marketers, and would safeguard America's interests during times of national emergency "by insuring access to an adequate share of the world's oil supplies."

Eagleton is concerned with maximizing this country's leverage as OPEC's leading consumer. "It (S.1134) would not produce more oil, it would concentrate our government's influence in negotiating adequate supplies of crude oil at the best obtainable prices," Eagleton says.

Richard A. Gephardt, congressman from the 30th district, also supports Eagleton's bill. He says, "...the vital interests of our country demand that we not leave the most essential and important relationship we have with other countries—the purchase of one-half of our oil—to the private sector. The legitimate self-interest of multi-national companies is not always consistent with the legitimate self-interests of the United States."

Congressman Gephardt, an unlikely supporter of this bill, goes on to say, "When you hear, as I did, (during a visit last year to the middle east) the highest officials in the Saudi government complaining bitterly that our oil companies were frustrating their legitimate desires to moderate gasoline price increases so that the American economy would not suffer a depression—which would ultimately be harmful to the Saudis—you must conclude that the private sector is improperly frustrating the national goals of the U.S. and Saudi Arabia."

## Cleaning up the environment is good business

Again, we hear from corporate leaders, and lately also from elected officials, that we must choose between productivity and a clean environment; or between more jobs and a clean environment; or between lower costs and a clean environment; or between industrial growth and a clean environment.

Beyond any doubt, environmental constraints do affect business. But it is wrong to say that they hurt business; it is more correct to say that they rearrange business opportunities.

"The EPA construction grants program has become one of the largest public works programs in U.S. history," according to John McGuire, administrator of EPA Region V, which is headquartered in Chicago. "Since 1972, more than \$28 billion was obligated in construction grants throughout the country, including \$3.9 billion in fiscal year 1979. In the Midwest EPA Region, \$6.6 billion was obligated over the past seven years. So far in fiscal year 1980, about \$300 million has been obligated," says McGuire.

Cleaning up the environment creates jobs, creates businesses, strengthens the economy and, we should not forget, makes all of us a little bit healthier.

## For the record

Department of Elementary and Secondary Education statistics for the 1978-79 school year showed that: school buses in Missouri's public school districts traveled more than 93 million miles; an average total of more than 483,000 students rode the school buses; more than \$53 million in state transportation aid was paid to local school districts; and about two-thirds of the 550 school districts in Missouri operate their own buses.

Busing is nothing new to Missouri's public school students; integration is



## ***An alternative to the draft***

A recent Gallop poll has shown that four million American youths would be willing to *volunteer* to serve their country—in a service corps. As an alternative to compulsory induction, the concept of national service corps bears investigation. Clearly, as some Congressmen have suggested, we should encourage Congress to set up a Presidential commission to study the idea.

Seventy years ago, legislators began calling for a U.S. corps to be staffed by American youth. This concept has again stirred interest and support in the wake of the resumption of draft registration.

A national service corps would employ American youth to work on the nation's environmental, social, and other needed programs. This would give young people an opportunity to serve their country in peacetime, such as VISTA does now. It would also offer conscientious objectors a reasonable alternative to military service.

The idea is certainly worth investigating. It seems to carry across-the-board approval from conservatives who support draft registration to conservatives who oppose it ("you won't register your guns but you will your children"), from liberals who support registration as being more democratic to liberals who warn that we may have not learned anything from Vietnam and the sixties.

Confronted by mounting unemployment among the young, glaring social needs that cry for human input and the threat of increased divisiveness over an unpopular draft, America may well benefit from a national service corps.

## ***Handicapped must organize themselves***

The social rather than the biological aspects of disability doom the handicapped to stunted lives. This is the conclusion of authors John Gliedman and William Roth in "The Unexpected Minority," the first comprehensive study to apply a civil rights lens to the problems of the physically handicapped.

This study focuses on the confused responses that the able bodied often have to

On August 5, 1980, the City of St. Louis voted three to one for a proposition to provide monies for sheltered workshops and group homes for St. Louis' handicapped adults. This proposal will be instrumental in integrating handicapped adults into the community.

the handicapped, and to the ways these misunderstandings function in our institutions such as the school and the job market.

Unlike other works, "The Unexpected Minority" views life from the perspective of the handicapped. "The greatest harm to the handicapped child," says Kenneth Keniston, renowned child authority and Carnegie Council Chairman, "stems from socially engendered impairment of daily life, (of) self concept, and (of) future—not from the functional impairments themselves."

This is the fifth and last report for the Carnegie Council of Children. The Council investigates the status of children in America and develops policy recommendations. (A summary of their previous report on "The limits of reform and a just society" was published in FOCUS/Midwest No. 83).

Gliedman, a psychologist, and Ruth, a political scientist, take issue with the medical model of disability that defines the handicapped child as one with a medical problem. "From this definition a host of consequences follows. Certified as 'ill,' the child becomes a lifelong patient. Children and parents are expected to passively accept the medical establishment's superior knowledge." The child is defined as having something wrong, and the impossible goal is to get well.

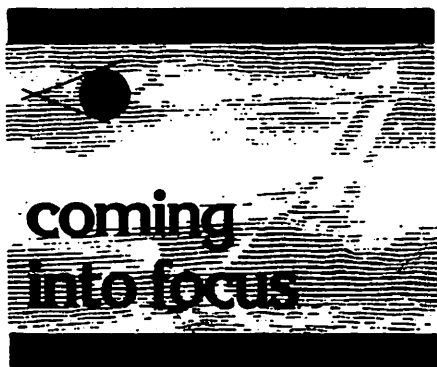
The way to bring the disabled into the mainstream of society, argue the authors, is through a two-pronged strategy of research and action. First, we must understand that handicapped individuals develop according to a healthy logic of their own; second, we must nourish a political campaign like the civil rights movement.

Job prospects will remain dismal for the handicapped until education is based on the logic of the handicapped and until a systematic attack is waged against economic discrimination.

This Carnegie report offers a daring approach to eliminating the social stigma which burdens the handicapped: research teamed with political action. It is published just in time for next year's International Year of Disabled.

The White House supports legislation which would prohibit discrimination against the handicapped in private employment and housing. However, this legislation will not be passed unless the handicapped organize themselves.

(The full report can be obtained from the Carnegie Council on Children, 437 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022, or from the publisher Harcourt Brace Janovich, 757 Third Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017.)



**NUCLEAR INFO** An independent group of radiation specialists operates a hotline to answer questions from the public about radiation. Anyone in Illinois or Missouri can call the toll-free number 800-942-9440. Calls during off hours will be recorded and answered the next morning. Call-takers are all health physicists who have volunteered their time, and have numerous references available.

Most of the calls received are about the medical uses of radiation. But, health physicists also answer questions from individuals or groups concerning the risks and advantages of nuclear reactors.

## REGULATIONS SAVE LIVES AND DOLLARS

A recent Governmental Affairs Committee studied the benefits of governmental regulation. Estimated benefits of air pollution control range from a savings of \$2.5 to \$10 billion a year. Child-resistant drug packaging may have prevented 34,000 injuries from accidental drug poisoning between 1973 and 1976. Drug consumers have saved from \$100 to \$300 million a year as the result of the Kefauver-Harris Amendment controlling ineffectual or overly expensive new drugs.

## MUNICIPALITIES LIABLE

A new Supreme Court ruling says that while individual officials are not personally liable, municipalities are required to pay damages even if an official action abridging a citizen's rights is taken in good faith. The ruling was the result of a case brought by a past police chief from Independence, Missouri and the city of Independence.

The police chief was fired and subsequently requested a public hear-

ing. The request was denied by the city. Two months after the denial, the Supreme Court ruled, in another case, that public employees were entitled to a name-clearing hearing. The chief sued the city, and the Supreme Court found that the city could not rely on good faith. The city was held liable even though it had denied the chief's rights unknowingly. The majority opinion argued that even though the court had not enunciated the right—the right existed.

**TALKING BACK TO MA** "How to Talk Back to the Telephone Company" was prepared by the National Citizen's Committee for Broadcasting as a self-help manual for persons interested in actively participating in a rate case. The book explains consumer rights, the extensiveness of the Bell monopoly, and the avenues for influencing rate-making and company policy.

Copies may be ordered from the National Citizen's Committee for Broadcasting, 1530 P Street NW, Washington, D.C., 20005 @ \$10 for individuals and \$20 for institutions.

**Winners of Aug. 5 Primary:**

## Teasdale and Bond set for rematch; Gardner, a moderate, nominated

Missouri Gov. Joseph P. Teasdale and the man he narrowly defeated four years ago, former Gov. Christopher S. (Kit) Bond, will face off again in the November general election.

Teasdale turned back a challenge from State Treasurer James I. Spainhower to win the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in the Aug. 5 primary. In the race for the Republican nomination, former Gov. Bond (1972-76) easily defeated Lt. Gov. William C. Phelps.

In 1976, Teasdale beat Bond with 50.2 percent of the vote.

Sen. Thomas F. Eagleton, who is seeking a third term, swamped two Democratic primary opponents. He will face St. Louis County Executive Gene McNary, who won the Republican nomination with more than 60 percent of the vote.

Spainhower, a former minister with a political science doctorate, relied on a grass-roots network around the state and vigorously attacked Teasdale as an inept administrator unable to cooperate with the Democratic-controlled legislature.

But the governor used his incumbency to advantage while retaining his image as an outsider fighting for the average voter. Teasdale's populist image was instrumental in his 1976 victory.

During the recent heat wave, Teasdale summoned the

National Guard to aid the elderly. After Spainhower criticized state aid to public schools as inadequate, Teasdale proposed a substantial funding increase that was widely praised by educators.

In response to complaints from citizens living near chemical dumps, the governor called a special legislative session for Sept. 3 to discuss the regulation of hazardous chemical wastes.

On the Republican side, Bond's victory was no surprise. Phelps' eight years as lieutenant governor, four of them under Bond, gave him close connections to party leaders, but the former governor held a considerable fundraising advantage and had been endorsed by both St. Louis newspapers.

A major issue in the campaign concerned busing of school children to achieve racial balance. Phelps strongly opposed busing under any circumstances and hoped to pin down the vote of the GOP's conservative wing.

When a federal court earlier this year ordered St. Louis to integrate its schools, Bond suggested that school officials there and in neighboring St. Louis County cooperate to develop a voluntary busing plan. He said a voluntary plan would eliminate the possibility of court-ordered forced busing between the two jurisdictions.

## Senate Race

In the Republican race for the Senate nomination, McNary's chief opponent was state Sen. David Doctorian, who lives in the small northern Missouri town of Macon.

Doctorian traveled widely throughout the state and his speeches were well-received. But he never attracted the recognition or campaign contributions of McNary, an officeholder since 1967 in populous St. Louis County, which is a Republican stronghold.

Pre-election polls showed McNary leading 2-to-1. He conducted a quiet campaign and concentrated on raising

*continued on page 40*

*By Phil Duncan, Congressional Quarterly*



# This emerging generation of writers

*This issue is a special tribute to the emerging writers of Missouri and Illinois. Pulled together and guest edited by Howard Schwartz, professor of English at the University of Missouri at St. Louis, and Dan Jaffe, professor of English at the University of Missouri at Kansas City, the issue is effluent with the culture and traditions of the midwest and people everywhere. A departure from our standard fare, we hope readers will enjoy this taste of life.*

## A sampling of the best by Howard Schwartz

This issue of FOCUS/Midwest considers the territorial focus from the literary perspective of Missouri's and Illinois's emerging writers. While our selection includes some writers in their forties and fifties, such as the poet John Knoepfle of Springfield, Illinois (who is the subject of our lead article by Robert Killoren) and Thomas McAfee, a poet living in Columbia, Missouri, whose fine work is now widely acknowledged, the majority of writers, included among them a predominance of poets, are primarily in their early and middle thirties, with one or two books behind them, whose works are now beginning to gain wider currency.

These writers include among others, poets Jim Bogan and Eugene Warren, both of Rolla, Missouri (itself an unexpected Mecca of poetry). Bogan is the author of *Trees in the Same Forest*, and the subject of a second critical article, "An Ozark Bard," written by Fred Pfister. Warren's poetry has been singled out as a superb example of modern Christian literature.

There is also Robert Dyer, of Boonville, author of *Oracle of the Turtle*, a sequence of poems based on the *I Ching*, the Chinese *Book of Changes*. Dyer's current work is with Aztec mythology, and a generous sample of his epic poem "Smoking Mirror" is included.

Also included are St. Louis poets Michael Castro, author of *Cracks*, Authur Brown, an exciting and original poet whose lyrics owe much to jazz and blues, Carter Revard, whose poetry is largely based on American Indian oral history, and Jerred Metz, author of *Speak Like Rain and Angels in the House*.

Rounding off this issue are a handful of short stories, by authors such as Robert Thompson, of Columbia, Missouri, whose stories have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Harper's* and *Kenyon Review*, and Eric Abrams, author of the books of fables *Once a Pawn of Time* and *Happily Never After*.

Many authors are represented by several selections of their work, to give the reader some sense of their range. The result, we feel, is quite representative of this emerging generation.

## Carving out new territory by Dan Jaffe

The literary scene in America today is incredibly confusing. There has been, it seems, a proliferation of poets in a time when it is almost impossible to get poetry published by major publishing houses. Poets all over America remind themselves that the *Atlantic Monthly* turned down both Walt Whitman and Emily Dickenson, and that publication and excellence are not the same thing. It's even harder for the short story writer. Send a book of fine stories to a publisher or agent and you are likely to find that your stories might be accepted after a couple of novels have proved their worth. Then the book of stories might be considered as a favor to an author worth keeping on the string.

No matter, it is essential that writers continue to investigate the landscape honestly, express themselves candidly, and imaginatively encounter reality whatever the condition of the marketplace. Truth and art will survive even cultural ignorance.

This issue of FOCUS/Midwest is a reminder that many talented people continue to function creatively despite the harshness of the artistic climate. The writers included here are only some of the many Midwestern artists whose lives are devoted to artistic exploration and expression. Some are regionally oriented. Others are not. Some are just now finding their own voices, carving out new territory. Others have been with us for a good while and have not received the attention they deserve. Quite a few have previously appeared in FOCUS/Midwest.

We are excited by the prospect of giving readers a chance to encounter voices they never heard before, to realize that someone they only barely knew has grown to a recognizable maturity and merit. Readers will undoubtedly think of other worthwhile writers who easily might have been included, who might have jostled some of these, usefully grabbed some of our space. That's the way it always is. It is an indication of the continuing vitality of the Midwestern imagination as well as the healthy coexistence of varying kinds of work and taste. It may also suggest the necessity of encouraging more outlets for Midwestern writers and artists.

# John Knoepfle: Midwestern Master

Robert Killoren

John Knoepfle (pronounced "know-full") once said of another poet, Cesar Vallejo, "The man is a mystic who is skeptical, a fugitive deeply in love with his home, an isolated man who cannot put aside his painful communion with others." I cannot think of a better description of Knoepfle himself. His poetry, like that of Pablo Neruda and Vincente Alexandre, possesses the magical ability to capture a time and a people in their essence. It embodies the raw emotions, the dreams, and the bitter realities of a people caught up in this maelstrom we call the Twentieth Century.

This year marks a major milestone in John Knoepfle's career. It has been twenty-five years since he began publishing his poetry, fifteen years since his first major work, *Rivers Into Islands*, was published, and ten years since his second book, *The Intricate Land*, was released. So it seems a good time to go back to these first two volumes for a fresh look. What I have found is that these two works not only have stood up to time, they have grown stronger.

The first thing one notices in looking at these two works is their solid rooting in the Midwest. The landscapes, the people, and the language are thoroughly Midwestern. Yet none of the poems suffer from the excesses of regionalism. There is no maudlin nostalgia, no bucolic scenes, no cardboard caricatures, and no exaggerated use of dialects, that one often finds in the works of "local colorists."

He avoids these by peopling his poems with real human beings, who love and hate, build and destroy, who fear the unknown and who are cynical about the known. Knoepfle's poetry is honest. There is in Knoepfle's poetry a morality that makes the emotions lying just under the surface of the poems real and felt. It is this quality that makes Knoepfle truly unique as a poet, that takes him beyond provincialism to the universal, that makes him more than a *Midwestern* poet.

John Knoepfle was forty-two when *Rivers Into Islands* was brought out. By that time he had already spent a ten year apprenticeship as a poet, publishing in literary journals. I mention this because what one finds in this first book is not the work of a young developing artist, but that of a mature poet.

The central figure of *Rivers Into Islands* is death and its many shapes: pain, loneliness, meaninglessness, and poverty. How a human being faces these is Knoepfle's concern. One can either confront death, and in so doing

live a fuller life; or one can wrap oneself in a cocoon of deception and superstition waiting for metamorphosis, but in doing so missing life.

Whether confronted or not death is always beside us following along like the moonlight reflecting on railroad tracks in the poem "North on one-eleven:"

Sometimes a thin moon in the east  
dropped shafts of light  
on the steel rails that crossed the road.  
I learned to watch for this light  
gliding for the crossing  
at precisely the speed of the car.

We see it and yet try to convince ourselves it is illusion,  
but it is startlingly real:

I would argue with myself,  
the moonlight is without substance  
then feel it slam my stomach  
and splinter in my nerves  
when I hit the rails.

In Knoepfle's world, one should not look for easy answers to life's mystery. There are too many deceptions. In the poem, "The white mule," miners tell the story of the phantom mule that combs the deep shafts of the mines looking for lost men to feed on. Sometimes miners will hear the steps of the white mule and they will try to ward off the evil:

There is a charm they have for hexing the mule  
in the mines alone when courage wanes  
and a man's heart listens to itself,  
his echoes coming to join his own steps.  
A man secures his life by turning.  
If a man looks back the mule will vanish  
. . . . and as for the dead,  
they were the men who would not look back.

The miners comfort themselves and their children with this superstition. But ultimately their belief is deception, death will come to them also. The nobility rests with those who do not turn around, who do not succumb to deception.

In another poem, "country sweat," townspeople try to ward off an epidemic of influenza with magic potions and remedies that do more harm than good. One character especially has an unusual approach:



Lily Falmouth said it was  
mirrors that gathered in germs  
from miles around and she took  
her looking glass in the dark  
for fear of sunrise and drowned  
her image in the river,  
but death came swimming careful,  
taking a shrewd look at her.

Death, however, cannot be avoided. All we can do is sit  
like the man in "October drought" and wonder:

I tell you in these harsh mornings,  
you sad bones of the dead  
locked in the marrow of the earth,  
I stand at noonday in my years  
filled already with your riddles.

Pain and poverty are other faces of death. And these,  
too, must be confronted, or we lose something in our-  
selves. The poem, "Hungarian Revolution," appears to  
be based on a famous news photo of young Hungarians  
battling tanks with stones and bottles:

He is dead in the street.  
His poverty  
offers itself to the gutters,  
a little poverty  
still emptying from his wounds.

The machine gunner  
can go home now,  
secure on a mountain of silver.

We were watching,  
great stone hands on our knees.

This poverty runs deeper than a lack of food and  
money, even deeper than a lack of freedom. It is the  
total deprivation of meaning. But the man clings to that  
poverty as his life's blood. The irony of a "little  
poverty" which is "emptying" into the gutters is star-  
tling, for it speaks of emptying a nothingness. This loss  
of even the man's nothingness is frightening. Yet, like  
the stone statue, which appears in the photograph I re-

*"Knoepfle's poetry... possesses the  
magical ability to capture a time and a  
people in their essence. It embodies the  
raw emotions, the dreams, and the bitter  
realities of a people caught up in this  
maelstrom we call the Twentieth Cen-  
tury."*

ferred to above, we observe but do not or cannot do  
anything. No judgment is made against us, yet we are  
left with the feeling that we have lost something.

If even "nothing" is no longer secure, how much more  
fragile are our little somethings. In "Old crazy fellow,"  
loss can destroy:

He thought  
how beautiful  
these shadows were,  
like feathers of doves  
blown in the wind,  
and he wanted to  
bury them.

But the veins  
of his sight  
were scorched.  
He wept because  
there was nothing else  
he could do,  
sitting on a dunghill  
of dead angels.

In "For a child who lives six hours," the loss offered,  
while still filled with pain, at least does not destroy:

After the morning there was no noon  
and now I leave your little white box  
among the elms here. I give you back  
with the harsh wind, howling  
of the moonstruck dog, sleet,  
rain, hail, the snow, the summer thunder,  
wings that ruffle the air,  
shapes of shadows in the deep waters.

Death, ultimately, must be faced alone. It is the one  
commodity which cannot be sold. In the final two po-  
ems of the book, "Buffalo skulls" and "Death after  
promise," the poet himself confronts death. First he  
must throw off the deception that the ritual of his poetry  
can save him.

I do not want to stay  
within this ritual circle,  
or know my hunger in this poem.

For in ritual, in deception, in the waiting for the meta-  
morphosis, there is death. In one of the most shocking  
lines of the book Knoepfle says of this:

Men eat themselves  
in the solid night of their dreams.

After moving from this point, the poet is able to con-  
front death in the final poem.

The child  
unfolding here is a butterfly.  
Death after all promise  
has come to me.

Now I walk in it,  
its great gold wings  
beating the air around me.

I cannot sell you my death.

It is a whole nation  
forgotten by its fathers.

*"One critic has suggested that Knoepfle presents a world in which all hope is delusion and ultimate deception. Yet, there is throughout this book of poems underlying hope, a hope that is not deception. It comes through in the gentleness of the poet's voice, and in the poems where death is confronted honestly."*

The "promise" here perhaps represents all the deceptions one uses to hex death, but death comes in spite of them. Yet there is also the implication that "promise" is also the promise of death, which the poet almost happily walks into.

One critic has suggested that this book is nihilistic, that Knoepfle presents a world in which all hope is delusion and ultimate deception. After looking at these poems this seems true. Yet, there is throughout this book of poems underlying hope, a hope that is not deception. It comes through in the gentleness of the poet's voice, and in the poems where death is confronted honestly. I believe it is in the title of the book, that we find the key to that hope.

The title is drawn from one of Knoepfle's own poems, "Church of Rose of Lima, Cincinnati": "slow rivers encourage into islands." In this line we see the controlling image of the volume, and, I believe, the central metaphor of Knoepfle's world picture. It speaks of becoming. The building of islands is an imperceptible process which requires centuries. Yet the building is always happening, even if we cannot perceive it; the movement toward that end inexorable. The word "encourage" in this context is interesting. It captures that feeling of imperceptibility, yet it also connotes that within the process of becoming is a hope.

John Knoepfle's concept of "rivers encouraging into islands" is very similar to Teilhard de Chardin's evolutionary theories of man:

The earth is still far from having completed its sidereal evolution. True, we can imagine all sorts of catastrophes which might intervene to cut short this great development. But for 300 million years now, Life has been going on paradoxically in the midst of improbability . . . The real difficulty which faces man is not certainty that he is the seat of constant progress; it is rather the conception of how this progress can go on for a long time yet at its present rate, without life exploding of itself or blowing up the earth on which it was born.

The process is terribly slow and imperceptible. Yet Chardin says man and creation moves forward, like Knoepfle's "rivers encouraging into islands," by the force of what he calls "a great hope, in common." I believe this is the hope that despite the death and meaninglessness sustains Knoepfle's world.

Knoepfle's second major work is entitled, *The Intricate Land*. The basic themes contained in *Rivers Into Islands* are carried on, but at the same time something has changed. On the surface level punctuation and capitalization is deleted. One gets the sense that Knoepfle is

trying to get down to essentials. The other difference is a slight change in the temper of the poet's many voices. The humor is a little more biting, the anger a little more tense, the pain a little more hurtful. The gentle, quiet tone is still there, but it has an edge. The difference is subtle but undeniable. The first poem of the book, entitled "springfield, illinois," contains this thought:

I dont know anymore  
what country I am in

As I said earlier, Knoepfle's works captures and holds the images of time. Something happened in our country after 1965, and we began to have trouble recognizing ourselves. In an interview in the *Missouri Library Association Quarterly* Knoepfle reveals in part the nature of the change he underwent:

*Rivers Into Islands* accepts the whole American myth, even in poems where it opposes the myth . . . But after I finished the poems that went into the book, Dr. King stood in opposition to Alabama. The issue was clear cut . . . So, many of us went down, and suddenly we found that we were in another world . . . Suddenly for that instant everything was reversed. I really didn't know what country I lived in, because all the values had been put upside down and shattered.

During this decade in one year America saw the assassination of two of its leaders, Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. There are two poems which particularly call to mind their deaths, "in the late night" and the poem "and again spring 68". The color blue holds our attention in both, in the first it is a blue television picture, in the second, a blue moth. Both poems are clouded by haze and smoke. These poems are dreamlike. In the first poem there is a disconnectedness in the speaker's perception,

the eye  
absorbs  
the blue picture  
detached  
from its own  
pain bearing  
socket.

And in the second a typical dream pattern is seen:

I think of my children  
falling and falling

In a world turned around it is hard, at times, to see clearly.

The decade also saw the Vietnam war. The poem "doing the last things" is the best poem I have read that



deals with the war. No attack is made on those who brought the war, nor are judgments made on those who fought it. There are no polemics, just observations. The poem begins with the death of a young man (he is "expended"). Other soldiers, friends, move out to get him "even under fire / seeking the body." It is "a work that shatters a man." The body is then wrapped by corpsmen in plastic and dispatched home. There the family identifies the body and later after the body is buried they receive three hundred dollars "for the cost of the burial." The story has been repeated too many times, but Knoepfle's simple, understated poem brings back the full impact, the full degree of pain, anew.

The "intricate land" reflects the dysfunction of American ideologies in the 1960s. World politics is reduced in "washington nocturne" to a game of checkers. In "state of the union message" the president proclaims:

fellow americans  
white water lilies drop roots into muck  
if we stop this muck  
we will kill our water lilies

In "noon" politicians proclaim "we have the power now . . . this is the time when enemies / are known." In "committee of ways and means" people everywhere break into applause as the "great voices / of the world speak out." The sound of the applause seems empty, but it goes on and on. The world is out of joint. The poem "long summer" sums it up:

the exhortations  
the appeals  
the shoutings  
the cursings  
I believe the sergeant in the bunker  
saying gee whiz

But this dysfunction has serious impacts, as seen in the poem "countdown on the moon." On the surface, this poem calls into question the nation's policy of putting a man on the moon at the expense of producing better welfare programs and taking care of our country's poor. The question begs trite handling. But Knoepfle produces not a sentimental sermonette but a hard hitting masterpiece, which is one of his best poems. And in the end it transcends the initial policy question to ask a more basic human question.

The poem is about a young girl who lives in a "holler" where there is nothing but four oil wells. Astronauts come to the holler:

they said missy you have been selected  
we have come to take your eyes to the moon  
and she said land sakes you can have my eyes  
if you bring my daddy a bigger  
welfare check but they said missy  
that is another department

During the flight, the girl's eyes escape from the plastic box they are carried in and hang in the air peering at them:

and the astronauts began itching in their suits  
feeling little in their cribs  
with their mothers bending over  
staring at them

Dan Jaffe has noted correctly that "the eyes of the poor blind girl have become, among other things, the eyes of all the accusing victims of the bureaucratic technological age, the innocents whose presence alone produces guilt." At the end of the poem, the blind girl dies as the astronauts bury her eyes on the moon, and at the moon's rising:

. . . the strange light  
searched the holler  
touching the cabin the oil wells  
the cypress and the grave  
longing for something it had known  
hidden in a darkness there

It is at these moments that one most questions the human condition. It is in one of these moments of crisis that it is so easy to infer that all hope is indeed delusion. The pat answers no longer seem to work. In "morning at the museum" all the self-deluding formulas are represented by a painting of "christ of the antillas" made of fish scales and bananas. A young boy, more aware than the narrator of real meaning, spits at the picture. The formulas just do not hold up under scrutiny.

*The Intricate Land* seems on the whole a much more pessimistic work than *Rivers Into Islands*. However, there are glimpses of hope even in this disjointed country. In "after gray days" there is the hope that "some golden years / might pour down time." In "after midnight" Knoepfle writes a love poem to his "lovely country", there is understanding and gentleness in his voice:

should I tell you I know  
that when a man  
surveys his possessions  
the promontory is lonely

The people of the intricate land want desperately to believe in something. And as in *Rivers Into Islands* the only hope is that there may be a possibility for change. The hope is minute and in the flow of life hard to see:

spider  
avatar  
crabby  
image of myself  
dont you know  
that even I  
can change.

Since the publication of *The Intricate Land*, Knoepfle has published eight small volumes of poetry. I will not cover these in this article except I would like to say that, first, I believe Knoepfle is breaking new ground in these works and the results are wonderful, and second, I make a plea to some publisher to bring Knoepfle's works together in a comprehensive volume. The world community needs to hear John Knoepfle's voice.

## He says if he hums

he says if he hums  
he can keep her voice cheerful  
inside his mind awhile  
he always thought of her as a canary  
that didn't need any cage for singing

he says he hums now  
because everybody interesting  
he knows is dead and  
nobody alive has anything to say  
he wants to listen to

his hair stone white what there is  
left of it he hums to himself  
all the time now  
which he did not do  
when his wife was alive  
she had such a good voice

## Rain drying up in the fields

rain drying up in the fields  
swallows going to church  
the more information gets out  
the sicker the elections look  
my mouth is no better however  
couldnt slot a ballot without help  
let alone run this country  
flag limp at the polling place  
behind it in the woods  
blackbirds whistling  
black diamonds mating  
why this might help the achievement  
of their mutual objectives I want  
to express my deep appreciation  
the skill of these birds working with  
candidates not knowing  
how the vote will turn out

thin ice is rimming the lake  
but it will be gone come friday  
winter derailing and with it  
the issues that are outstanding  
but watch yourself they have made  
three baskets the third basket  
has a shrunken head in it you open  
that one and you are dead  
very difficult the responsibilities  
who votes and who doesnt  
the chances you must take when  
candor is the voice of democracy  
the office vanishing in the white  
brilliance of the orator  
you want to hear that voice  
shake a government down  
morning into night the terrible grief

## He plays for himself

he plays for himself  
songs without words  
stories the mind covets  
fragments of old wisdom

when he grows tired  
the valley returns  
and takes up the silence  
the night comes on then  
a soft place  
shielding its exiles

here a boy drinks  
the death of his father  
a girl wears sapphires  
in the dollhouse of her dreams  
the prophet steps down  
any mans pain

he is more accomplished  
than he admits  
this back country musician  
leading his bow down  
the smooth edge of the saw

## Snow shadowing blue

snow shadowing blue  
requirement of an afternoon now  
that slant in the west sun  
shadows trapped in wind riffs  
sweet day the eyes brighten  
like a quick thank you note  
small envelopes in the mailbox  
they said the birds mated today  
feathering in niches of cathedrals  
the girl down the street  
came up pregnant her family  
rejoiced the thought of a grandchild  
the boyfriend was thirteen  
there will be honey in his gallstones  
I print in the heart on a card  
I love you where are you

## Each depositor

each depositor  
should have been insured  
to forty thousand dollars  
aliens do you think  
they will get here on time  
kathy claudia cheryl  
what has become of you  
speak can you  
even your numbers would help  
63 56 4041  
what was your number karen  
and tim what was his  
helen won the applause of millions  
I bought her dress at an auction  
no one bid against me  
tom steve deborah.  
the knock on my door  
I looked for you then  
that was in 1980 I imagine

## Abstractions of the man

abstractions of the man  
walking his three miles a day  
or jogging into ashes  
john baptist poised  
where his cousin leans  
honesty of the axhead  
scarred in the grain of the fruitwood  
not there by necessity  
a parable of sorts  
here a face mirrors a smile  
thieved from some busy forgetfulness  
my mouth trembles  
the wheat will go down anyway  
the smoke of the harvest so pungent  
I tell her the world has wonders  
so many miracles sacred waters  
the unconscious cannot free you  
I think of this what she said  
after so long a time  
wiping my eyes with the back of my hand  
there is a courtesy  
she had that it was always  
the first day the new year  
with her a green disposition  
I was no match for her  
my sadness had no power

## Missouri River

The day we went to  
the Missouri River  
the sky and river were  
the sepia of an old movie,  
the color of what we found,  
a crosstie nail, and  
what I kept. Though  
Jerry skipped a flat  
rock nine times, and  
Bob did seven, I did  
nothing but admire the nail  
and help push the car.

## Anorexia Nervosa

He was heard to say: I read my last  
Book the other day. And I've seen

My last picture show. Either they are  
Crap or I'm crap. I took the paintings

Off the walls. Rather than let  
The plants die—that's going too far—

I gave them to the maid. Yes, even the Norfolk  
Pine you gave me. I've kept the TV

And radio, so they will stay silent.  
The books—I suppose I'm sentimental—

I saved a paperback dictionary,  
For a party for us all.

## Zone of Quiet Desperation

—headline from *Saturday Review*,  
October 10, 1964

I won't confess anything—  
to sweetheart or priest or friend.  
I've got a man stored inside  
to the terrible end.

He listens

and won't talk back.  
But he's a damn sore tooth,  
a heart attack, a loss of breath . . .  
He's—what can I tell you?—  
the dreary end  
of the benefit.  
He's when you're sober.  
He's the imperative.

## Question for a Medieval Mystic

The sensational criminal trial is over.  
Women in formal dress are weeping. The streets  
Are thick with confetti. Who won? Two men  
Are drinking dago red to something. A girl stands  
Nude in a window and nobody watches. "A damn bloody  
Letdown," says a lawyer for the defense. "Troubling,"  
His opponent says. The nude girl is about to scream.  
What do you do on days like this?

## For Mary Lou William, At Piano, at the Hickory House

Not one for schmaltz, not for moxie;  
And I cannot improve her  
In poetry: her fingers black  
And growing to the ivory keys  
And to the black: her wide eyes  
Closed.

—My heart and head reach out.  
I think of a dark madonna without child.  
Behind her, two dark wise men, bass and drummer,  
Beat out their adoration.

## At Home, Far Away Inside

First, let us move away,  
but leave behind us  
The grand piano, the Stueben glass, books and  
Phonograph records, what might distract us,  
And since this is a real journey—surrounded  
By stars and their shadows and what is beyond  
Them—we will not travel

We sit all day and night and watch the moths  
Eat our clothes. Each tiny separate eye of the compound  
Eye searches for the cashmere overcoat, and finds it,  
Eats it as we gasp.

The Oriental rugs are eaten,  
The upholstery of our chairs, the corks  
In the bottles of wine.

Deep in the journey, the clothes we wear become  
Antiques. Then we, keen of eye as the moth,  
See our genitals, our navels  
Which we have never praised before.  
We are naked, new, overcome, and prepared.

It is the marvelous journey,  
We are near death.

We say, "Look! Look!"  
These are discoveries we  
May not see again:  
Seven hundred wonders and more, obliterations, birth  
Happening all at once.  
We are breathless as children.



## Distance

steward of the dreams  
my mother heard  
in organ music—  
E. Power Biggs broadcast  
by WIBW Sunday afternoons  
the biggest pipe rumbling  
at 16 cycles

my father stops the tractor  
stands peeing  
by the big rear wheel  
gazes at the horizon  
where our limits fade  
into wind

the field's dirt moistened  
with his substance  
he sits the tractor again  
its engine shaking the ground  
melting the hot air with exhaust

the bright plow shears disappear  
in bottomland soil  
throwing back a bow-wave  
of gleaming earth

my father knew  
he was a steward  
of soil & light  
crops & cattle

a polyphony  
growing and & dying  
sweet milk  
sour ensilage

nine months after his death  
I dreamed his absence  
knowing he could not come to the feast  
we all ate at home—  
woke shaking with grief  
planted those months ago  
when his husk was laid  
in the next grave to my mother's

a country cemetery  
on a hilltop,  
the windripe horizon  
even in every direction  
steward of us  
stewards of the dream

thundering organ pipe of distance

## Soma

I curve  
my back

thrust  
with the base  
of my energy

stretch  
my neck, curve  
it  
down  
as a horse  
grazes

between  
my shoulders  
old knots  
pull loose

the lower joints  
of my spine  
open

I arch  
my soma  
enter you  
again  
& again  
never  
leaving

you  
nuzzle me,  
your velvet  
grip

the sun  
silent  
invisible  
burns  
between us

our soma  
the wood

from which  
He summons  
this spark

## Bitter Fire

a home-made torch—  
old shorts, a shirt,  
a rag of dress,  
bound with a clothes hanger  
on a 10 foot pole  
doused with tinted  
& scented kerosene—  
burning tent caterpillars  
out of the paper birch,  
thrusting the crown of flame  
among leaves & catkins

dead leaves take fire,  
scorch and fall,  
the caterpillars' tent  
vanishes in fine ash  
the worms  
blacken & drop

walnut & sand plum  
get the same purging  
bright pale flame  
blooming among august leaves  
the ripening plums  
the same color  
as the torch,  
a hard bitter fire  
clenched in  
this literal flame

## Breathing Dreams

sleeping this afternoon  
I dreamt the Angel of the Face  
awake, I remembered nothing  
but the dream's passage

yet my heart still held  
one breath

of air from the Angel's house  
a single breath

of silence

# Scratch/Robert Thompson

I AM ASSIGNED THE TASK of scribing the archaic tongues. We are beings who, with our eyes, long ago understood such things as I now enact, such things being words, such an enactment being writing, such an understanding being reading. Some importance has been ascribed to my efforts by our small society. Indeed, it is one such as these—namely, a word—that is the crux of our situation. The word—JOKE—will soon be defined, and this transcript will be translated into other known tongues and then sent out by what remains of our telepath to all reachable stations, moons and planets.

We were a satisfied people. Our concern as a totality was to deal with the Algonza black hole. Using our pooled vibrations, we attempted to forestall or cancel the threat of being absorbed by Algonza, only 259 million light years away. At the last solar tune-in, which we used to conduct every seventh term, a relatively unknown signal by the name of Zeno suggested that the Algonza black hole was actually an enormous rectum. That is, Zeno stated that our galaxy was a small part of a gaseous blast being held back within the rectum of an appropriately larger being because of some delicate social situation in this other, enormous world. Shortly after this, for the first time since the Heather-

ton Final became functional, our telepath went dead. Here at the HQ on Mars, many were unable to communicate even within the same room.

When transmission did restart, the consensus was that Zeno had had an incredibly bad vibration idea, and some suggested burning him out. But Zeno was outraged, and demanded acknowledgment that he had only transmitted the first thing coming to his mind, for it is well established that second thoughts do not transmit telepathically. Reports flooded in, but it was Earth Moon who gave us our first clue. Earth Moon suggested that what Zeno had done was to inadvertently make a JOKE.

There have only been three JOKES in our time, the JOKE of Zeno being the third. The second JOKE occurred 143 years ago, made by a self-destruct named Kev, but what exactly his JOKE consisted of no one can recall. The first JOKE, made 227 years ago by a Plutonian named Sure, became the operative definition; it consisted of breaking an egg over the head of a person who was instructed to wonder whether a chicken or an egg evolved first within a linear chronology of creation. With this information amplified and appreciated, telepathic transmission improved to peak levels. No one felt inefficient about being confused by such a tedious thing.

But from Uranus, and then seemingly from everywhere, there came an undulating static, confluent with laughter, and then telepath deadened again. Since that day we have been unable to maintain coherent telepath except for vegetable stew recipe and birthday greeting exchanges.

As analyzed by this information center, the reason for termination of consistent telepath is the following: insufficient data.

As analyzed by this information center, one area for investigation may be the following: insufficient data.

Presently, very few can transmit even from room to room, and we are crestfallen—no doubt especially Zeno, whose last transmission reported severe scorching. The Heatherton Code, derived by Mary Heatherton from a cybernetic smeller invented by her aunt, states that work-thought juxtapositions derive energy from their most extreme interpretations, duplicitly believed. This was the wedge with which our species first dislodged from the medium to which I herein return: written words. Exactly how we are now supposed to use these bricks called words is nowhere explained, and we aging admit to some resentment at having to start from scratch. Many of my friends are working on punch lines and skits, and I am learning how to wink and to laugh.

## Biography of a Poet/Albert Bellg

AS SOON AS he finished reading *A Body Language*, he decided to write his first poem. He was very excited. It was late at night and he woke her up. 'How's this?' he attempted. She didn't think it was much good.

He investigated the *Encyclopedia of Abnormal Physiology* for clues. He studied books on linguistics and structural engineering. He read every reference work he could find. 'No stone has been left unturned,' he said. He was not worried.

"The ideal poem," he read, "Should touch the essence of every human being, no matter what that person's individual experience has been. It must not rely on any specific language. An Australian bushman and an Englishman should be able to react with equal fervor. If it's perfectly composed, probably even birds and fish will respond."

He thought about this for a long time.

On a hunch, he began to research the Industrial Revolution.

On a hunch, he read *The History of*

*Geologic Thought*.

On a hunch, he listened to the moon. He became tormented. He shouted into a forest. He looked into a fire. He looked into the sky.

On a hunch, he attempted the impossible.

We are all aware of the results. After the first trial of his machine, the Australian bushmen made him their god and the English gave him a peerage in Suffolk.

Birds and fish swarmed around his house. He couldn't go outdoors.

He tried to remain modest. 'I am,' he admitted to reporters while exercising in his basement, 'Quite modest. My accomplishment must be seen in the light of all such accomplishments.'

Privately, he told her that since every other human being understood and loved him, she was something less than human—less, even, than a bird or fish.

He said it didn't matter since he was building other poems even better than the first. Sooner or later she would find a poem that she liked.

Unknown to him, however, she had already gone away with the publisher of a remote newspaper.

While waiting for her response, he set up an amusement park to display his work.

He found some good recipes for birds and fish. While frying, he often asked them about himself. 'What do you think?' he asked. They curled up a little.

He was acclaimed a citizen of the world. There was universal agreement about his work. Annotated versions were constructed, bibliographies compiled. The story of his life was written. Everyone knew who he was. They tipped their hats and looked away with secret envy. They approached him with nervous smiles.

When he spoke, everyone stopped and listened.

When he spoke, they looked at him with awe.

When he spoke, they felt ashamed.

When he stopped speaking, his lips continued to move silently by themselves.

## Let Her Travel Far

let her travel far  
 let some witch show her  
 in every forest burns  
 a burning bush  
 hedge-apple hexagrams  
 stars like dragons  
 streams like time  
 the mosses' greens  
 tree in a cliff  
 hawk's quick lift  
 bones beneath sky  
 stare of owl's eye  
 summer is best  
 love's in the chest  
 spirits in fogs  
 of a rotting log  
 nothing remains  
 except the grain  
 let her travel far  
 let some witch show her

## Game

doing service in your court was a smash  
 the whole night long we added in and out  
 and because your mind's perverse all niceties  
 we observed in detail and reverse  
 you won set after set, but I poor I  
 had to jump the net; since you backhanded me  
 i'd give up this racquet were it  
 not my double fault to think even yet  
 the score love to love and nothing out of bounds

## Parents' Day

walking like lunatics  
 came the English department  
 absolutely zig-zag  
 across the quadrangle  
 surveying engineers  
 with surveying tripods  
 and crisp ROTC cadets  
 with eyes believing God  
 manned displays  
 on this their Parents' Day  
 while walking across the quad  
 absolutely zig-zag  
 came the English department  
 like some lunatic squad

## Because

she married him because  
 he was always bumping into walls  
 and when he saw the moon  
 he saw the coin of an ancient empire  
 and when he saw a tangle of woods  
 he saw a stained-glass window  
 and when she left him  
 he saw a joy in winged flight  
 and no walls could hold him

## Victim of Sadism

### Receives Letters

She never wanted the intimacy of a pen-pal.  
 After a dozen letters, his abrupt *t's*  
 and piercing *h's* still assault her.  
 The envelope has dropped to her lap  
 where cloth covers disfigured thighs.  
 He has slashed its creamy surface  
 with the letters of her name,  
 blackened it with her house number.

Again, there are pages of description.  
 He writes of that time in Fort Scott, Kansas,  
 when she was sixteen  
 and each thigh was branded with flatirons.  
 Behind each word, she reads his sadistic dreams.

Thirty-four years of the sun offering each day  
 like new flesh to ease the scars.  
 Thirty-four years of living past  
 the scratch at the door,  
 the floating into ether,  
 the awakening,  
 the painful coming into pain.

What can she wish as she reads his wish,  
 as she reads what he has copied from old clippings?  
 Would she prefer that he had once been intimate  
 with her taut young thighs.  
 Would that sustain the dream of justice?  
 Would it deliver her from resurrected evil?

Jerred Metz

## Angels in the House

Their wings beat the floor,  
 stirring the dust.  
 The hook in the fireplace  
 trembles and food spills  
 on the flames.

The dining room rings with their chewing,  
 their gluttonous cries, their  
 rumbling bellies. Plates rattle on the table;  
 the human guests cannot enjoy the meal.

In all the bed chambers  
 angels cluster about  
 the dead. Fiercely breathing the  
 thick air, they lay eggs on the turning flesh.

Books scattered about the floor,  
 ladders climbing the walls,  
 the walls themselves full of books,  
 golden letters stamped on each spine,  
 the room is filled with words.  
 In each corner an angel writes and  
 as it writes it sings of each room in turn  
 praising each room's name.



## Her True Body

Her true body  
 (not the one hinted at by marble hands  
 and face or even the one behind clothes)  
 her true body (not the one imaged in dream)  
 her true body (beyond flesh and bone)  
 were it revealed to naked eye, would seem a  
 chart of ocean currents, accurate, detailed,  
 perfect for safe navigation. Even this  
 touches far from her true body, for all the grace  
 of all the waves and kelp moving  
 everywhere in all directions, the intricate  
 growth of coral, consequential play of sea on rock,  
 motion of fish, motion of sea birds hovering  
 still above the water cannot be  
 marked by numbers and cursive arrows.  
 Yet curve of thigh and breast, hair-fall's flow,  
 seven dark openings, and the eye mirroring oceans,  
 though touching far from her true body,  
 make the loveliest of maps.

## Speak Like Rain

or a ship's mast  
 or a hungry sail's belly moaning  
 frantic to catch every morsel of wind.

Speak like rain needful in oceans  
 to feed kelp for kelp wants watering  
 as much as wheat and corn  
 which bend when waves  
 angered by storm crash against them.

Speak like the mast the ocean's  
 tree whose roots remember sweet odor  
 and taste of soil, whose  
 rasping against wind is a  
 cry for lost forests.

The sail talks in language of mutes.  
 The words mimic corn which, as you know,  
 catches celestial wind in its sails  
 propelling the world through space.



## People From the Stars

Wazhazhe come from the stars, and by  
 our own choice, not by falling  
 or being thrown out of the  
 heavenly bars like Satan  
 into Europe, and we are  
 invited back whenever we  
 may choose to go.  
 But we long since have joined the people of death  
 and moved with them to another village  
 (we call it, HO-E-ga)  
 where time began:  
 we made our fire places  
 and made our bodies of  
 the golden eagle and the cedar tree, of  
 buffalo and mountain lion, black bear  
 redbird and the great elk and of thunder so that we  
 may live to see old age  
 and go back to the stars.  
 Meantime Ameropeans pay us royalties for oil that lights  
 the midnight highways holding our land  
 in star-strings through the night.  
 Some nights we trade the royalties for time enthroned  
 on wings of painted metal  
 to look down at the stars beneath  
 or up at stars above  
 before we touch down in the desert  
 creation of Las Vegas and wheel off  
 to shoot craps at the Stardust Inn  
 and talk of Indians and their Trickster Tales,  
 of Manabozho, and  
 of Wounded Knee.

## Stone Age

Whoever broke a rock first wasn't trying  
 to look inside it surely,  
 was looking for an edge,  
 or maybe trying just to hammer something.  
 Then he saw it glitter,  
 how bright inside it was, observed that things  
 unseen are fresh. Maybe he thought,  
 how like the sky, that when the sun  
 has crashed down through the west  
 breaks open to the Milky Way and we see  
 farther than we are seen for once,  
 as far as light and time can reach and nearly over  
 the edge of time, its spiral track  
 like agate swirls in rock  
 from when it still was water-stains, had not  
 yet found its non-solution to the puzzle  
 of dissolution, keeping within its darkness  
 the traces of its origin, as day keeps night  
 and night keeps stars. Pebbles, headstones, Altamira,  
 dust-wrinkles over darkness.  
 What shines within?

## Smoking Mirror

1.

I still remember how it felt the first time  
how I loved her so completely  
hurt so hard to know she kept that part of her  
for someone else  
to know the thing I worshipped  
I could hate

Inner Truth

Nine at the beginning means:

If you try to cultivate secret relationships  
of a special sort you will lose your inner  
independence. The more reliance you place  
on the support of others, the more uneasy  
and anxious you will become as to whether these  
secret ties really exist. In this way inner  
peace and the force of inner truth are lost.

Montezuma, Incarnation of the Sun  
Master of the Clockwork Kingdom  
Keeper of the Peoples' Hearts  
These grave catastrophes that have befallen us  
since you began your reign  
weaken our faith.

The signs the priests read from their dreams  
and from the progress of the days  
portend your fall.

a shepherd boy borne by an eagle to a shining grotto  
and received by one compared with whom you, Lord,  
are nothing

an enchanted crane bearing a mirror  
in which a starry sky appears  
in the middle of the day

a nightlong shower of comets  
the inextinguishable fires

2.

and so the sorcerers were sacrificed  
and the astrologers  
anyone throughout the kingdom  
who had dreamed the end  
was ordered to your presence  
night and day they came  
the dreamers  
night and day the words and images of doom  
repeated from the peoples' dreams  
and paid for by their hearts

I saw a mountain moving on the sea from side to side  
how many thousands did you murder for their dreams, my master  
but now the True God walks among us  
and soon the stones shall rise against you

but with the True God came our misery  
the time of strife and tribute  
robbery and violence  
the people trampled by the local chiefs  
the priest and teachers

foxes of the towns  
blood sucking insects of the towns  
the greedy sorcerers

we trade one master for another  
till our hearts and tongues  
are silenced by the sword  
and so we learn the art of no comprendo

3.

yesterday  
I thought  
I was beginning to understand

I stepped inside you  
for a moment  
and saw

So that's it  
I said

It what  
you said

Forget it  
and I did

4.

then where to turn  
toward Teotihuacan?  
toward Taos?  
Macchu Pichu?  
Cheop's Pyramid?  
Ram?  
Buddha?  
Star Maps?  
Mirrors . . .

De mi mirador en los altos  
percibo el chubasco  
en el horizonte Occidental  
y al vuelta . . .

Glyph gods live within, señor  
la Verdad Interna  
wind moving on the lake  
shatters the surface  
nothing is the same

red wild bees are coming from the east  
black wild bees are coming from the west  
white wild bees are coming from the north  
yellow wild bees are coming from the south

Au Mucencab  
swarm into me  
make me your hive  
bring me the essences of flowers  
I offer you my heart  
5.

and Montezuma  
arrayed him as the god  
white feathers on his head  
soft eagle down among the long hair  
falling to his loins  
and also on his head

a crown of flowers  
a shawl of flowers  
across his shoulders  
necklace of white sea shells  
golden bracelets on each upper arm  
and both wrists braceleted  
with precious stones  
and on each leg gold bells  
and sandals from the ear skins  
of the ocelot

and when the feast drew near  
he was married to four chosen women  
and for twenty days he lived and lay with them  
and danced and sang and feasted

five days before the feast  
he began to scatter here and there  
the ornaments adorning him  
his hair was shorn above the forehead  
tufted in a warlock at his forehead  
and the long hair down his back  
was tied with red thongs  
and a single feather of the quetzal

on the fifth day he embarked in a canoe  
with his companions and the women with him  
laughing  
to the Holy Island  
and here he was abandoned by the women  
they turned back

and so he arrived at the temple  
and began to ascend the steps

I? Who am I?  
I live as a fugitive  
a singer of flowers

and at the first step he stopped  
and broke his flute  
the music stopped

I only come to sleep  
I only come to dream

and on another step he threw down something gold  
his smoking tube

at each step broke and scattered  
the belongings left to him  
until  
at the summit  
nothing was left to him  
nothing

and there the priests fell upon him  
and threw him on his back upon the stone

it is not true  
it is not true

cut through his breast  
tore out his heart  
and raised it wildly beating  
to the sun

6.

time near two a.m.  
along the final spiral

of the age of Pisces

in the central Alameda of la Ciudad  
a man stands by a tin cup  
blowing clouds of bright flame from his mouth

*Glyph*

star above three men who hold a sun  
sun rising out of water

*Glyph*

a woman weeping

*Glyph*

an eye  
above a sign that means  
the people

7.

three times it was they say  
the foreigners arrived

and on the third time came the end  
of those whose emblems  
were the bird  
the precious stone  
the jaguar  
they who sought the lucky days  
and saw the good stars  
enter with their reign

no sickness then  
no aching bones  
no burning chest  
until the bearded men  
came from the red east  
swarm of wild red bees

then were there no more lucky days  
the vision faded  
no great teacher  
no supreme priest  
no great speaker

fire over water  
night and day  
death everywhere  
along the roads  
and floating in the lake  
among the red flowers  
broken arrows lying on the roads  
hair torn out  
and roofless houses  
brains spattered on the walls  
worms multiplying in the streets and squares

complete the month  
complete the year and day  
complete the night  
complete the blood  
complete the breath that passes

8.

because of its great towers  
and pyramids  
and buildings in the water  
all of masonry  
some of our soliders said  
that surely what they saw was a dream . . .



# Jim Bogan: An Ozark Bard

Fred Pfister

FOUR YEARS AGO I had never heard of Jim Bogan. I might never have, except for a student of mine with a keen appreciation of the out-of-doors. He brought me a poem he had picked up from a friend who took Bogan's writing class at the University of Missouri at Rolla. The poem was about floating down a river.

My involvement with Bogan might have ended right there, except the very next day, in my office, I was diverted from the task of grading freshman papers by a booming, bardic voice on the radio chanting about chert—a common rock found in the Ozarks. The voice somehow sounded familiar. I tried to place it, and then I realized that the style and not the voice was familiar. It was like the poem I had read the day before, meandering, floksy, engaging, tugging at mind and sense like a river's current. It was Jim Bogan reading on a program from the Missouri Public Radio Network. I then wrote Bogan and explained how I had become acquainted with his work.

I had a chance to meet him in April 1977 when he spoke at a Creative Writ-

ing workshop I sponsored at the School of the Ozarks. He was as big as his poetry, large-framed, large-voiced, down-home, and pleasantly garrulous with a beard as dense as his poetry. His style of reading his work held the audience in rapture, a style that was integrated perfectly with his personality and poetry. It is that style, I believe, that makes Bogan attractive to readers and listeners of poetry, and it is that style—and its counterpart in modern poetry—that merits examination.

One of the recent trends in art is the idea of the minimal. Minimal art, represented best by artists Don Judd and Robert Morris, is a mode in which both content and stylistic self-expression are intentionally reduced and kept to a minimum. The characteristics of such works are their impersonal, anonymous appearance, their antiseptic, "untouched-by-human-hands" look. A friend's home is much influenced by Minimal Art—with its white brick fireplace, the well-lighted eggshell white room with its off-white woodwork, and its monochromatic geometric form paintings on the stark white wall, and in the corner, a white in-

## Mrs. Franz: Mother Earth's Daughter / Jim Bogan

Eighty-Six Years old  
never been to Kansas City  
got as far as a St. Louis suburb  
once.

Still, fairly radical:

"I ain't against pool  
or dancin'."

She used to walk ten miles to go dancing Saturday Nights  
about the time her father sold apples for a quarter a barrel.

She's lovely

bright *old* blue eyes  
white mop top  
teeth in a drawer somewhere  
voice travels from the mourning dove to the crow,  
mostly crow

four layers of flower-print dresses  
sturdy as a turnip  
didn't wear shoes in the summer til she was 73.  
milked cows *every* day from the time she was 8  
til she turned 78 (Hates milk).

Still keeps chickens, says,  
"A day without work is a day without food."

Remembers what happened:

yesterday  
last Week  
a Year and a Day ago  
forty-nine Years ago  
seventy Years ago  
and everything in between—

Quick at arithmetic, too.

She's four when the calendars shift over to 19-ought.

22 when the man who will be her husband  
ten years later embarks for France  
to fight their mutual 2nd cousins.  
38 when the WPA builds the bridge down the road  
56 when Ike gets elected for the first time—  
and she voted for him—been Republican ever since  
Wilson lied about keeping us out of war.  
76 when Otto died and that almost killed her:  
"I wished I was dead. Never done that before."

Otherwise vigorous  
and what her wood stove won't heat  
port-wine will.

Plants her man-sized garden by the Moon:

"If you sow radishes by the light of the Moon,  
all you'll get is greens.  
It never fails."

Petrified of snakes, lightning, and the dark:

"I wouldn't open the door to Santa Claus himself  
after the sun goes down."

She was weeding the okra one morning  
when a pair of Jehovah's Witnesses  
descended upon her  
them in shirt and tie  
her in bonnet and sweatin some—

"Git on, if the Lutherans couldn't save me,  
you sure as hell cain't."

Always has a can of Gold Label beer ready,  
and a dirty joke:

"Lady goes into a music store  
asks the clerk, "You have *Hot Lips*?"  
He says, 'No, but I got nine inches.'

dustrial plastic sculpture—three tall oblique rectilinear slabs.

Now, if you imagine the opposite impression such a room makes, you have the poetic style of Jim Bogan: comfortable as a caned rocker and, within easy reach, a worn copy of *Life on the Mississippi*. A peculiar rock found along a river bank, a cedar tree growing in a coffee can, pictures of children and angels, a lone eagle feather. Bogan's style is what I like to call "Maximal."

The grandfather of Maximal poetry is Walt Whitman, who established the long line that creates the spare necessary for the large, the meandering, the unhurried. If there is an unknown fork in the river of thought, the poet floats it because untried channels taken spontaneously, often make for the most exhilarating travel. And like a river, Maximal poetry meanders, often doubling back on itself, almost to the point of its beginning, going to an end but in no rush to get to that end, as in the running poem "Letting the Outside Inside," which launches forth, gets side-tracked, and returns with wildflowers in hand. As Donald Harington has pointed out in *The*

*Architecture of the Arkansas Ozarks*: "In the Ozarks everything meanders. All the rivers, streams, creeks, and branches meander. The limbs of trees, especially sycamores, meander." It is appropriate that a poetic style reflect our Ozarks.

Maximal poetry delights in imagery color, character, and movement. It is a poetry that glorifies in the creative process and often relies on intuition and spontaneity. It is a poetry that is proud, not ashamed, of personality. As readers, we feel the presence of the poet for as Whitman says, "I and mine do not convince by arguments, smiles, rhymes. We convince by our presence." Meet "Mrs. Franz":

She was weeding the okra one morning  
When a pair of Jehovah's Witnesses  
Descended upon her  
Them in shirt and tie  
Her in bonnet and sweating some—  
"Git on, if the Lutherans couldn't  
save me, you sure as hell cain't."

Both the Minimal and Maximal veins of poetry are rich, and each vein has a

few good miners. Louise Gluck and Arkansas' Tom Looney are excellent Minimal School poets. Bogan effectively mines both veins. His "Dreams of the Dark River" sequence is about as minimal as one can get:

II. Dark River  
emanates  
from a Rock  
beyond Sight  
in Sound  
releasing  
Light  
when touched  
by Breath

Thought not a native of the Ozarks, Bogan and his style fit our region. As Robert Frost was not merely a New England poet, so Bogan's first volume, *Trees in the Same Forest*, makes a music that carries beyond the Ozark plateau. His *Ozark Meandering*, recently finished and now waiting patiently for a publisher, is further proof that the local is often a path to the universal. And like Mrs. Franz, he "ain't against pool or dancing."

It's you been takin a nap."  
She was right too.

You know its her coming down the road  
engine revved  
honking like a teenager  
in her speeding Maverick  
headed for the Big Star Market  
purse full of coupons.

Always candy for the kids  
and for their parents:  
tomatoes  
and okra  
and zucchini  
and pumpkin  
and scallions  
and cabbage  
and pickles  
and turnips  
and peppers  
and radishes  
and beets  
and lettuce  
and apples  
and pears  
and jelly  
and flowers

When the local undertaker met her  
in the potato chip aisle of the Krogerstore  
he put his hand on her shoulder  
to which,

Mrs. Franz,  
"Ain't cold yet, Marvin."

She says, 'Is that a record?'  
'No,' he says, 'but it's a damn good average.'  
-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee-hee."

Had one child of her own, Henry  
cried "a barrel of tears"  
when he shipped out for Korea,  
"But it was *me* in danger, Ma."  
Raised eleven kids,  
orphans that she literally picked up off the street  
"and made us work,"  
says the religious one.  
"And my husband never made complaint."

She listens to mathmeticians  
astrologers (She's a Virgo Soul  
with a lot of Leo somewhere).  
physicists  
bums  
English perfessors  
minstrels  
Truth or Consequence on TV

says, "It's very educatin,"  
while crocheting on her pink and white african.

I knocked at the door louder and longer than usual.  
She finally appeared, looking like a cat that's been shoved  
off a chair

I shouted (her hearing aid lives in the same drawer  
as her teeth):

"What ya doin? Takin a nap?"

"What?"

"TAKIN A NAP?"

"Eh—You make me sick.

I been workin.



Jim Bogan

Paul Gianoli

## Nijinsky's Flight

'My little girl is singing: 'Ah ah ah ah.' I do not understand its meaning, but I feel what she wants to say. She wants to say that everything . . . is not horror, but joy.'

—Last entry in Nijinsky's *Diary*

in 1912  
old Rodin  
gladdened  
inert clay  
into the dancer's  
spiral rhythm:  
outright animal  
eyes flaring  
cable-tense  
body springs  
arching dance  
beyond  
known form  
instant  
to creation's leap  
engendering desire in many  
and the fear in others  
that closed in—  
1919 when  
well-meaning in-laws  
ordered goon-cops  
after the sometimes  
crazy man.  
War dead soldier dreams  
had burst his sleep.

("Now I will dance you the war,  
its suffering, its destruction, its death.  
The war you did not prevent.")  
The performance was "terrifying."  
Authorities surrounded his house,  
trapped him in his solitude:  
"What have I done?"  
Joyless arms twisted him  
into the straight jacket  
and knotted tangled limbs.  
They gang stomped their catch  
and plopped a squatting numbness  
in a cage  
thirty years,  
staring out  
the windowless wall.

just ashes  
on Good Friday  
1950  
the fire  
long since  
gone.

## Midwestern Man

I am the inland man,  
he of capricious creeks,  
deliberate rivers, a certain  
shallow reading of the  
testament of water.

I was a deepsea thing  
when I was born and on  
through youth, a treader  
in moon-torn currents,  
a dreamer of storms.

Nowadays the heart itself  
seems to pump dust; but  
at times the ground swells,  
flashfloods startle the night,  
the season drowns me.

## Woman of Snow

The blown snow drifts over  
my memory. It is like  
beautiful women, the snow.

The beautiful women sail across  
the face of the moon.  
They are not real.  
I need them.

Tonight I will ignore the moon.  
I will walk, face down, all night  
to the nearest strange town.

I will wait in the street  
like a movie legend, lift  
my collar against the wind.

A limousine from an old film  
will pull up. A beautiful woman  
will step out. She will  
drift over me, like snow.



## Coming Out of Bondage

I'm coming out of bondage  
Walking the bed of the Red Sea  
I'm coming out of bondage  
Walking the bed of the Red Sea  
I have seen the waters parted  
I believe that I'll be free

I'm coming out of bondage  
Pharoah's drowning in the tide  
I'm coming out of bondage  
Pharoah's drowning in the tide  
Back there the wind & water's rising  
But I can see the other side

I'm coming out of bondage  
Soon I'll reach the sandy shore  
I'm coming out of bondage  
Soon I'll reach the sandy shore  
My footprints they will vanish  
Down on the bottom of the ocean floor

I'm coming out of bondage  
Gonna wander forty years  
I'm coming out of bondage  
Gonna wander forty years  
In the hottest, driest desert  
Gonna bury all my fears

I'm coming out of bondage  
Pillar of smoke & pillar of light  
I'm coming out of bondage  
Pillar of smoke & pillar of light  
One is with me in the daytime &  
One is with me through the night

I'm coming out of bondage  
Gonna eat manna from the sky  
I'm coming out of bondage  
Gonna eat manna from the sky  
Gonna climb that mighty mountain  
Gonna meet my God on high

## Wedding Song

*folk song of the Jews of Salonica*

A woman rose up ripely from the sea  
Robed in pink & white

*She rose up from the sea*

Between the river & the sea  
An apple tree stood free

*She rose up from the sea*

From her bath rose up the bride to be  
A groom stood waiting silently

*She rose up from the sea*

Between the sand & sea  
A walnut tree stood free

*She rose up from the sea*

## Brown Rice

i love  
making  
brown rice  
in the big  
old pot

it will  
nourish  
every  
body

after all  
it costs  
next to  
nothing

to serve

## Axeman in the Woods in Winter

He played his saxophone in the streets  
& begged in red longjohns  
He played it for his shadow on the wall  
He played it for a mound of white powder  
He played for a dollar bill rolled in his nose  
He bobbed up & down in the streets in red longjohns  
People looked some listened all moved on  
He carried his axe in the dense subway  
He carried it down by the riverbank (the muddy Mississippi)  
He carried it across the Brooklyn Bridge  
He played to the clouds to the herds of horses they became  
He played for sad folks down in their cups  
He played for the little boy who listened  
He played in his red longjohns  
He thought of travelling with a monkey & a cup  
But didn't want no monkey on his back  
He thought of playing for the president  
But didn't want the man's mind to crack  
He thought his own thoughts & didn't want  
He played for the pure clear ring he imagined  
He played for the color of his breath  
He played for truth, for pain, for the abstract  
For the action

in 'abstraction'

He played to shake the bones in every fleshbag  
To hear them grind together, to cast them out like dice  
He played because it was something he did  
Maybe he played because nobody cared  
He played to lose himself, unwind himself,  
To feel himself, to find himself  
He played every day under the sun  
Because it was cold outside, he wore red longjohns

## Solar Eclipse

What is this shaking of water which makes Phoenix  
rise, flood its banks after 500 years?

What is this 45th solar eclipse darkening the sky  
in the East? Did you see the light going out of your eyes?

I press my nose into your neck, my breasts into your  
breastbone; my legs weave light into the darkest place.

We blow light into each other's eyes,  
We cover each other with light

light undulations, for-  
getting that the world has gone out of herself tonight.

A poet has died in her skyscraper, just as her star  
appeared in heaven. She chain-smoked her way up,  
up past gates of declared womanlove, past the politics  
of sainthood. Her star appeared beyond Bear's con-

figuration on Venus' other side. It will be years  
before the first scientist discovers and names

her light, years before astrologers make a story,  
a star story about how she grew.

Tonight in heavenly Manhattan, a star has gone  
up at 65—retirement in the sky, she'd have said.

We start and stop and start again, becoming the  
highschool sweethearts we never were, not knowing how

to finish the story. We begin a new tale  
about the meaning behind this act melting our skins.

You teach me that we are not just performers, that this act  
takes us, is climbing with us, to a place we never visited

or knew. You teach me, as I wait with you,  
what you mean to yourself, in me.

Sweeter than any childhood now, cool and endless  
as fountains of sun again entering the sky,

we continue to begin this life.

## Dance

for A. Savage

1.

Dance is the life of the body  
after it eats its own skin.

Dance is the work of the heart  
song that unknots throat feeling.

Dance is untying hair, loosening legs  
into wheels of fortune.

Dance is unburied treasure,  
self released.

Dance is sky's night and day  
circling earth, combining at dusk  
in a lavender blossom.

2.

I touch night, remembering  
how day worked its dream alive in words  
and wished for more  
unfolding like Autumn letters  
to float past  
car exhaust, chimney exhaust,  
chicken fried too fast.

Spirit moving parts light  
singing bone; a city fades  
without this body sense  
to reek of stale encounters,  
self abuse: donut stomachs,  
bourbon kidneys, sugar teeth.

The city haunts me  
through the glass.  
I drive resting  
bone on bone.



## On Enjoying a Dacha off Empire Way

- I With October ending I find a small dacha with a  
View east, have a big cleaning and hang  
Oils prints and scrolls.  
This house must have seen some several  
Generations of Bohemians—and the architect  
Must have planned for the pinks yellows  
Greens and blues which delicately adorn  
The old wood work.  
Under an oil of a Japanese woman in maroon  
Kimono I proffer snowberries which  
Do go well with her sober gaze. At the  
Other end of the year I will offer plum blossoms.  
Amidst the rank sword ferns of a vintage garden  
I feel at home if not warm.  
As diminutive as the dacha is  
The bay windows, French doors and a small drawing  
Room with tall windows on the east and south  
Liberate something long suppressed by close  
Quarters off Asian courts.
- II As for summer and fall they have been enhanced  
By intimacies with local herbs, that is nettles  
Yarrow, comfrey, mints and parsley not to speak of  
Teas from Japan China and Russia.  
On the advice of a Kyoto doctor who practiced  
In India for several years I verified that  
Brick tea ground and boiled in milk for  
A few minutes is indeed an ambrosia.  
The green teas lend themselves to being stretched  
By the leafy herbs, especially nettles. In way  
Of caution nettles eventually make the  
Epithelium of the mouth slightly numb and  
A Scotch artist friend who lived on them  
Reported extensive rashes on the arms.  
Yarrow blossoms are beautiful, delicate, white, little  
Bitter things, but the Amerinds claim they  
Relieve pain. The leaves, feathery like fennel  
Or carrot, are less bitter. Armed with a large  
Porcelain mortar and pestle I brew such soups and  
Laugh at merchants too small in heart to pay  
Lettuce pickers living wages.  
With winter closing in friends bring me pieces of  
Pear, locust, Russian olive and pinyon for seals  
And prints. Though the winds carve at one piteously  
Northern woods have that grain and rings which remind  
Us how beauty is fashioned by the seasons. Thus  
Removed to a milieu too cold for tropical birds  
I finally frame my parrot print and with chapped hands  
Muse over my friends bustling between the Sorbonne  
The Cambridges, Lieden and the Orient. Putting  
Off furnace repairs I remember how temple air was  
When we had time.

## Redbud Bower

Sun blazes furiously through  
Thin winter air

Verily like the afterburner of the whole constellation  
Still march is too cool for sunbathing

In april the flowering dogwood and blossoming  
Cherry reach out to gather in life  
But the chest is chastened  
By the brisk lee of the glade  
No matter how vigorously minnows  
Turn in slow pools  
Flashing back early spring insolation

In may though Indian petroglyphs  
Sing of life  
A stern Missouri spirit seems  
To keep the wild turkeys and deer  
On the run all day and all night  
As if a trinity foreign to their  
Heathen vigor would not bend  
To a moment of airing the wings  
Beneath the redbud bower

Such is that infinitely temperate Nature  
Which keeps many of the ovens of  
America brimming over with the bouquet  
Of fresh baked bread





# The Tale of Sopher

for RABBI JAMES S. DIAMOND

Howard Schwartz

ONE NIGHT IN the month of Shavat, Reb Hayim Elya dreamed that he and Reb Yosef ben Mayer were journeying together to the mountain where the Baal Shem had once sealed in stone the Book of Mysteries given to him by Rabbi Adam. And why were they travelling to that place? Because Reb Hayim Elya knew the secret of where the Book had been hidden, but he did not know how to pronounce the Name that was the only key to unlock that stone. And Reb Yosef had come with him because he did not know where the Book had been hidden, but he did know how to pronounce the Name. Together those two secrets could unseal the Book.

In the dream they travelled a great distance to that mountain, overcoming many obstacles. Then they struggled to climb the mountain itself, and at last they reached the place where the Book had been sealed. There they knew that they must unseal the Book before dawn, and there was only a short time left before the first wings of light would appear. Suddenly Reb Yosef became distracted and looked down from that high place, and then he became torn like a page from a book, and was unable to pronounce the Name. Nor could he reveal it to Hayim Elya, to pronounce instead. For the secret of the Name had flown from his possession, as if it had taken wing in that place. And as the dream ended the sky began to grow light, and the Book remained sealed in the stone.

When Hayim Elya awoke from this dream and recalled it, he was gripped with fury, and his anger at Reb Yosef knew no bounds, for the opportunity to unseal the Book had been lost.

Then Hayim Elya went to see Reb Zvi, and told him his dream. And no sooner had Reb Zvi heard this dream than he stood up and said: "Hurry, Hayim Elya, waste no time. Go to Reb Yosef at once."

Then Hayim Elya hurried so that he

might reach the *Beit Midrash*, the House of Study, where Reb Yosef could be found. And when Reb Yosef saw Hayim Elya he said: "Hayim Elya! It is good that you have come. For last night I had a dream in which we travelled together, but since waking it has flown from my grasp."

And Hayim Elya was dumbstruck when he heard this, for then he knew that the dream must have been true, and that the chance to unseal the Book of Mysteries had truly been lost. Then he told the dream to Reb Yosef, whose dream was then restored to his memory, for the two dreams had been identical in every respect.

Suddenly Hayim Elya's anger returned twofold, and he said: "But why did you hold back the secret of the Name at the last minute? The world thirsts for the secrets contained in that Book. Now they must remain sealed, and who knows for how long?"

Just then the door of that *Beit Midrash* opened, and a man entered there whom Hayim Elya had never met. And Reb Yosef was relieved not to have to reply to Hayim Elya's question. Instead he introduced Hayim Elya to the stranger, who turned out to be a *sopher*, a writer of Torahs and sacred documents. He had just arrived in Buczac from Warsaw, since there were no *sophers* in Buczac, except for Tselya, wife of Hayim Elya, who was not permitted to do the writing of a Torah scroll, or a *Mezuzah* or *Tefillin*, because she was a woman. And why had that *sopher* come to that *Beit midrash*? To repair one of the Torahs in the *Beit Knesset*, the House of Prayer, adjacent to that House of Study. And what was wrong with the Torah that it needed repair? It had torn in two places, and several words were in need of restoration.

And then Hayim Elya realized that this *sopher* from a distant city had entered that place to perform an act of *Tikkun*, of Restoration. For it is said that he who restores the Torah also repairs the robe of the *Shekhina*, the Divine Pres-

ence, who hovers above the parchment like a flame that casts its illumination. Then Hayim Elya recognized that the arrival of the *sopher* had not been an accident, but a sign. And he realized that in this way the Holy One had sent them a message that they should not sever their ties, any more than they would tear out a *parsha* of the Torah. And just as the *sopher* had come to perform the *Tikkun* of restoring the Torah, so was it a sign that such a *Tikkun* should also take place between Reb Yosef and himself.

Then Hayim Elya grew calm, and all the rancor he had felt for Reb Yosef was gone. Still, he was curious to know what Reb Yosef would say in reply to his question. And when the *sopher* had departed to begin the work of restoration, Reb Yosef turned to Hayim Elya and said: "Why did I refuse to pronounce the Name in that place? Because at that moment I looked down into the depths of the Abyss, and I felt like an intruder in that place. And then it was too late—the Name vanished from my lips and from my memory, not as if it had been forgotten, but as if it had never been revealed to me in the first place. How could I have told you this at that time? Therefore I was silent."

When Hayim Elya heard this explanation, he understood that it had been their destiny to reach that far, but no further, and that a barrier had been raised before them, not unlike the gate of the Garden of Eden, that is guarded by an angel with a flaming sword, who keeps the way to the Tree of Life. Yet he still had not lost his longing to read in that Book of Mysteries.

Later Hayim Elya returned to Reb Zvi and reported all that had taken place. And when he had heard this tale, Reb Zvi had this to say: "If only that *sopher* had been your companion on the quest, you would have unsealed the stone. For surely he also knew the secret of the Name, nor would he have looked down at the last minute, but kept his attention fixed on that Word as he does on every letter and crown that is in need of restoration."

## Blessing of the Firstborn

Like new waters that form nightly  
We embrace  
The breath of the beginning  
With arms  
Of air  
And submerge  
In these waters of the moon  
To receive the blessing  
Of the firstborn  
Whose seed  
Has taken root  
Inside you  
Whose breath  
Is drawn  
Through the stars  
Whose pool is replenished  
In caverns of sleep  
By the waters that swirl around us  
Before the circle they inscribe  
Becomes a full moon  
At rest.

## Iscah

She is the dark sister  
Standing in the shadow  
Of the cave  
Who peers into the bonfire  
That is burning  
Within.

Sometimes  
She accompanies you  
With her instrument  
Sometimes  
She lets you pray  
With her voice  
Or share  
The sound of her breathing  
Or even  
Her song.

This time  
She lets you read  
Your lifeline  
As if the words were already  
Written.

If only  
You would kneel by the fire  
She whispers  
You would understand  
Why no water  
Can extinguish  
This flame—  
Why all the logs burst into buds  
And all the kinds of wood  
Put forth  
Fruit.

## The Eve Root

This is the root  
That Adam received  
From the first  
Woman.

Planted  
In the earth  
It will bring forth  
A tree  
Whose branches will reach  
Into every corner  
Of the world  
But whose roots  
Will remain  
Within.

Left in the sun  
To dry  
It will serve as a charm  
Weaving a spell between  
Two bodies  
Binding one root  
To another.

But no matter how far  
You tunnel  
Into the mouth  
Of the cave  
Never  
Will you reach  
Its source.

## Female Suffrage, The Equal Rights Amendment and Women's Liberation or Levitation/Lenore Carroll

THE AUNTS AND COUSINS and uncles were distributed around the living room, postprandial Thanksgiving, unpleasantly discussing her Cousin Sally's unsuitable fiancé. She said to herself: "I must detach myself from this wrangling." And at that moment she felt her body lighten and hover just above the cushions of the overstuffed chair in which she had been sitting. She dug her fingers in under the curved rim of the chair and pulled herself back down until she made contact with the cushion. "What's the matter?" she heard her husband ask. "A little light-headed," she responded.

They were making love and as usual he was thrusting ahead, not waiting for her. "Oh well," she thought, "I'll just go along and he'll never notice the difference." At that she began to float up-

ward. Her husband's penis fell back on his belly with an astonished 'splut.' She grabbed the carved knob of the headboard. Her feet continued upward until her heels lightly hit the ceiling. She smiled at the perspective. The tops of her breasts instead of the bottoms curved up to her nipples. She had a full heeling around the eyes. The wallpaper ran up to the carpeting. Eventually she floated down.

Impatience at having to wait in line at a movie triggered the next episode. "I wish I could go to the head of the line," she thought, and began floating upward. Her husband made a grab for her sleeve, but she slipped through his grasp. She didn't stay up long this time. The air was stale where her head brushed the dusty ceiling of the lobby. When she got back

down the crowd let her in the theater first. "I must be careful," she thought. "This could be dangerous."

One sun-splendored May morning when the dew glittered on the soccer field and spring-besotted birds trilled overhead she sat on the splintered bleachers and watched the Little Guys run in random flashes of red and blue on the shade-chequered green field. She wished she were somewhere less boring. She began to float away. There was nobody to hold her. She drifted slowly at first, then gained speed and began to bob and twist, like a kite, then she caught an updraft and soared away until her denim skirt was an indigo flutter, indistinguishable from the swallows who wheeled and darted on the spring winds. She thought: "With a little practice I'll get the hang of this."

## I Want a Memory

i want a memory  
with grace  
pearl gray with a feather  
lounged down over my face  
like the after glowing smile  
of the mellowest sun just set  
a half-shadowy after-pat  
of oozy evening butter

i want a memory who'll know  
when to say  
i do not know and who  
in all the skittish chirping parlors wont  
startle all the smallest gamesome talk  
with swooping sudden revelation

rather a memory  
who in the tact and natter of such rooms  
will pause and stare  
into the middling distance a space  
lazily  
arranging its hair  
or puckered on a tune

a memory please who's been and seen  
all the late late picture shows  
but who  
wont say who  
did or didnt get the girl or done it

a memory wooly and random as a quilt  
who'll go to bed and let you sleep

not stay up creep gumshoe all night go  
through all your pockets drawers  
letters papers notes

trying always to remember  
scowling third degree  
saying what is this what is it  
you must remember and  
who and who

not shiver sleep  
screeching lugosi  
ravelling karloff from the furls of sheets  
not wail a chill of gothic choruses  
down the stops of your soul  
like a necromantic clarinet

but weave you instead  
the dream singing  
of the wind-waved grasses  
that sea-deepening after-dusk  
when beneath a tree-shushed moon  
beneath a dust of stars  
beneath that other shuddering soul  
you lay limp and taken  
and for the lifetime of that instant  
cradled love's flickering stranger  
in the palm of your heart  
like a match  
and you and all that night-time of the earth  
were eclipsed by a kiss

a memory then  
who in that tune  
will forget to sound for you  
the animal-snore  
of the future curled  
at the edges of that blurring place

and the hiss and ticking  
of those fused hearts

i'll have a memory at ease  
who with a snicker  
crumples the map of yesterday  
and goes on stumbling  
if that's its way  
an awkward saint with an awkward faith

## There is a Man Moving Into My Skin

<p>there is a man moving into my skin the result of cynical polls and elections he is changing the locks on my opinions cropping the corners of my smile to resemble his photos</p> <p>he has hung the umbrella of his fears bat-like and dripping in my coziest room his breath pants after me through the hallways or fogs my feeling like a fetid curtain</p>	<p>black hat and turned up collar bit by bit and daily he is arriving from everywhere in the mail box and by parcel post saying i must sign for him slipped under the door on lewd and colorful flyers (i can pay later)</p> <p>he speaks a tangle of languages or signs in a cat's-cradle of cross looks or quiet as the telephone never ringing</p>	<p>with his hands in my pockets he casually paces the center of my loneliness pretending that he is waiting for a bus or the evening paper</p> <p>snipping through my diary and album he has re-editted my life into a muddled quick-cut stereograph</p> <p>my past a certain terror before me my future a patch-work nostalgia for my past</p>
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## Elegy For Former Students

How dared you die before me? It was not  
your turn. There should be order in these things:

Brilliant Gerald, elegant even in a jeep,  
tossed from it, broke his neck, leaving the friend  
with whom he was spending Easter  
forever guilty.

Madcap Donny, on one New Year's Eve  
wrapped his shining car around a tree.  
Reckless Bill, flamboyant Mike,  
and Ben, racing to get his auto home  
in time for Mother's Day—  
and Gene, warm-hearted only son  
of a widow, went to death in steel.

But then those others? Gentle Jim,  
tall and lovable, adored by his parents,  
non-competitive (I kept for years  
his letters back from college that first year,  
his final one.) He knew guns well,  
but death came as he cleaned one.  
Was it the gun? Or was it truly  
the normal curve of distribution?

And Al, his father dead in skies of World War II—  
Al, who came to take our pictures that last Christmas  
and planned to visit us in Indiana  
the coming summer: Newly engaged,  
he stayed too long, kissed her goodbye,  
hit his head on a rail, and died.

Those were only eight out of nineteen,  
and I am haunted by them and recall  
how, reading "Julius Caesar"—not studying it,  
twisting each word's semantic tail,  
but *being* Caesar, Brutus, Cassius, Lucius—  
when class was over, one of you would come  
and ask, "May I be Cassius—or Mark Antony  
tomorrow?"

And when the ghost scene came, each year I'd say,  
"It is not likely any of you  
will pre-decease me. If you should,  
remember I should like to see a ghost.  
Come visit. I shall welcome you."

## Of Death

When it comes,  
shall I know,  
have time to say,  
"I will not go!"

If there be scope  
for choice,  
not hope,  
let me not linger,  
let dying be  
arrow-swift  
finality!

## Trying to Look Serene in a Full Lotus

Each spring they flock like homing pigeons  
To the Last Chance Spa, roosting on rollers  
While reading *Even Cowgirls Get The Blues*.

Flapping on belts, dislodging gallstones,  
They stare at the clock  
At the end of the long hall,  
Wondering where the time went.

Splayed in left-over leotards on the green shag,  
Waving their legs in the air, cooing,  
They look like weary birds:

red-headed woodpeckers, yellow-bellied sapsuckers,  
white-breasted nuthatches, and one huge tufted titmouse.

Fighting gravity, they strain stretchmarks,  
Varicose veins, and belief,  
Pummel tapioca pudding, jello and lard,  
Shake to piped-in disco.

"Yoga time!" chirps the unreal leader.

"How do you girls feel?"

She'll know in twenty years.

But she's a nice kid, so they smile,

Trying to look serene in a Full Lotus.

"Sauna time! Pretend it's Waikiki, girls!"

Melting, they dream of size eight, estrogen,

And hot fudge sundaes.

On to the perfumed, bubbly whirlpool.  
Steaming, they remember old love affairs,  
Inhale Eucalyptus vapors  
Guaranteed to do something.

But the final push is the hardest,  
Riding bicycles aimed toward the Exit,  
Pointed at unjust scales,  
Surrounded by merciless mirrors,  
Going a mile a minute,  
Really going to town,  
Going nowhere.

Determined by hormones and genes,  
But determined, nevertheless,  
To be reduced.

But to this?





## Tinnitus

*The rock guitarist ponders:*

A tintinabulation  
thinks my ear  
a pastoral grotto  
in which to play flute.  
The wild world recedes.  
This high blue whistling is  
a message from space  
with the news that music  
tuned majestic  
replaces prayer as  
the avenue to God.  
Therefore, withdrawing into silence  
like a flower, I listen  
and wait for my eyes to see  
what I hear.

## The Shriners Parade Massacre

*Chicago, 1989*

White men in plaid jackets  
lug lawn chairs off the train  
in Union Station. Blocks later  
the Art Institute steps  
despair under tons of Medinah,  
the green lions roaring  
aghast at a brass  
band from Peoria in turbans,  
fake black goatees. There  
are war-dancing redskins  
and bagpipers fat-thighed in kilts,  
suburban businessmen in silver jackets  
stitching intricate formations  
on mini-bikes and flying carpets.  
Michigan Avenue, aloof, moves back;  
when a clown with hose jokes, "They said  
there was a Chicago Fire, where  
is it?" a black cop sends  
the goofy masquerade straight south.

Walter Bargaen

## Creation Drunk on Cheap Wine

Laugh if you want  
but I swear  
out of the cracks of this day  
champagne is pouring.

Forever—  
our lips are on the flute  
or the upturned bottle.

By three o'clock  
gray clouds are leaning  
on the sky.  
The rain hammers emeralds  
on the grass.

Thick legged light  
dances naked  
through the forest.

What I need now  
is a liver transplant.  
The donor—  
a butterfly or pond.

## Whipping Post

At the mouth of Coffey Hollow  
a quick tongue reveals itself.

At the far side of the beaver dam  
water tunes for its fall.

Somewhere near the creek's north bend  
a call comes clear.

On the bluff two echos  
bank off of each other.

On the ridge a pine's  
needles shiver.

Near the fire's edge  
a whip-poor-will cries

come-a-live

come-a-live

come-a-live

## White's Creek Irish Wilderness

Half its roots exposed  
a white oak waist thick  
leans over cloudless water.

Where beaver stripped  
away bark  
it has given up growth.

This elbow of the creek  
leans across his desk.  
Gravel scratches the formica surface

before it falls clear through.  
A snapper stares from the bottom  
of a side drawer.

Petitions flash like startled fish.  
Upstream men dream  
plywood, industrial palletes,  
tongue-in-groove flooring.

## Crow, Straight Flier

Crow, straight flier, but dark  
Water, muddy and clear  
Wood, good to burn and would you burn it  
Trees, good to hold and hold on, they can hold you  
Holes, find one and hide  
Now let's start over

Hole, come out of one  
Tree, hold onto one  
Wood, pick some up and start a fire  
Fire, heat your body and find warmth  
Stones, heat your stones on the fire  
Watch out—you may cause an explosion  
Let's start over

Hole, come out of one  
Look at the light without fear  
Rain, let it fall on your eyes and into your ears  
Now you can hear and  
See, the lights are shining  
Each one is a star  
Every star is a soul  
Every name is a soul connected  
A chain of souls connected by  
Names.

## The Watch

The watch simply dropped out of sight  
Just like that it was no longer there.  
It left no way of knowing how long  
It had been gone.

The noises stopped  
One by one  
Only birds could be heard  
Their wings, flapping.

Nothing else moved.  
Yes,  
Dust settled everywhere.

In the garden  
All was confusion  
Plants lost their direction  
And weeds forgot to grow.

Tell me,  
What time is it  
And when  
And what  
Are we waiting for?

## The Son She Loved

(for N.L.)

Her straw blond hair  
Wrapped sadly about her head  
She gazed at her son and his friends  
Eating artichoke hearts  
In the open doorway  
Their summer laughter  
Rippling round her  
Like water round a rock.

Her blue eyes glazed  
The years gathered in her  
Summers shriveled  
Like unpicked peaches  
Springs and winters  
Fallen like dry leaves  
One upon another  
And the son she loved  
Grown beyond her.

## Last Night

(for A.A.)

In the night  
I got up to wander  
half-dressed and aimless.  
I saw you standing near a counter,  
pale and sweating,  
breathless,  
and alarmed.

I came close to you  
and you confided  
that your heart was giving out.  
Your face questioned  
what would be.

As I held you,  
your knees buckled under  
but you were aware  
of every instant  
of the collapse.

I moved to send for help;  
you asked me what it meant,  
and you said,  
right then,  
let it be now instead of later.

So I held you  
and held you.

And held you.



## Behind our eyes

For so long I've been  
feeling them, the tears  
behind my eyes, beg-  
ging them to start  
flowing free. A bear  
in mid-life can't make  
it through the dark  
with eyes glazed inside  
out. Dogs smell that  
kind of salt; hunters  
are dying to prove  
they're tough. They  
have their steely, well-  
heeled guides who do  
not have to dip  
their hands in blood,  
just smile smug when  
the fallen prey is over-  
turned and they can watch  
the mucous slipping open  
now from half-closed  
lids. Try, try hard to  
turn them loose. Now.

## New Poem

Some ghost crawls around  
in me—a strange infection—  
a root of pity, struck  
by my upright grandfather  
broken from lieutenant's  
bars to old cop sergeant  
hunching his days away  
on a bridge chair pawing  
his rosary in the Old Post  
Office. O Jeremiah, Jere-  
miah, our love can just  
as well be sent by mail,  
reduced to print, spat-  
tered in paint or even  
breathed out in the musty  
air of tired, worn public  
places, as it ever goes  
in being whispered over  
pillows. Looking at my  
hands, extending from the  
arms, sometimes towards  
the sky, sometimes to tear  
my temple's hair—I know  
the ghost is feeding,  
growing even now.

## In Memory of Robinson Jeffers

All the black and white photography  
of driftwood, sand and waves,  
scenes of vast beaches, rocky  
hills rising off the sea  
recede from the eyes in front  
of our heads. Those slack lines  
chiseled with shaggy, flinty  
words deny the despair  
of their thought. I am left  
with clean pictures of your heart.

## Another Trip

One night I couldn't sleep and found  
I was in America. That could have been  
any night. This particular town  
had filled with snow after long  
quiet cold. Raw fires  
in faroff jungles were only part  
of dreams some voices in a tube  
thought I ought to try  
to live with. But that idea  
pushes as slow and sluggish  
to my heart as the big cars  
along the freshly blanketed streets.  
Something pure that might be quick  
to melt runs through it all.  
The snub-nosed jets carry off  
their flight bleakly through the clouds  
like geese in search of a warm home.

Lev Mak

## Red Square

What gutter curses from this square!  
What dark blue birds are cruising there!  
What beardless prince surveys the scene?  
What do all these omens mean?

"Young Prince, beware that days ahead.  
You will stun the world with dread,  
Painting scaffolds with fresh blood,  
Trampling the guiltless into mud."

The square goes on: "Your butchers, your hounds,  
Will spatter snow on even my wounds.

Poor prince, he stares at his palms and shudders,  
Grows pale as an ingenue's shoulders.  
Innocent as a robin, staggered by sorrow,  
He looks hard for a different tomorrow.

Through blanched lips he whispers, "No—  
Russia, don't make me go,  
Don't make me wallow in bones and hate.  
God keep me from the slaughterer's fate."

Only the square breaks off all such talk  
As a rider gasps, "A plot! A plot!"

*Adapted from the Russian by Dan Jaffe*

## Eden

At first you don't know the Garden.  
But as the sweet-smelling tree sings  
You inhale its breath, its rustle.  
the wind pauses with reverence.

But don't forget the price of temptation.  
Those Newtonian apples are serpent's fruit  
Hung from graftings of knowledge and retribution.

How lightly you take it all,  
Sure of your soaring. But bite  
Through the skin. At once your feathers fall.  
From under your wings hands reach out.  
Swollen and empty.

So now what place is this?  
How your arms beat the air.  
Like leaves in heavy wind.  
How you try to launch yourself.  
How you cry out.

FOCUS/Midwest

## Still-Hildreth Sanitarium: Ice Fishing

Huddled like a lost child round his knees,  
I cover the hole I hacked in the ice.  
Like an idiot I would know the secret  
of fish. Here in the middle of the solid  
lake, the fish I take are pale with  
the cold fever of winter, their scales  
shocked at 5 below into fast freeze.

The sanitarium at my back is dead  
against the frozen sky. I try  
to visualize a sun, one to burn  
my head clear of ice, clear of broken  
glass and the footless shoe I saw  
last fall where the lilies now lie dead.  
Cold this lake has always been: cold then  
with swimmers numbed by electric shock,  
cold now from arctic ice, from window  
panes sucked down by a force I cannot  
read, from ghosts wandering on the hill.

To come here in dead of winter  
is to die or know the quality of ice.  
You have to watch your mind. I still  
can see the agony and the pain  
plain on many a face that ever  
did time here. But tell yourself: given  
another life, you could have lost  
your sins here. The sky is blank,  
will stay blank until the season shocks  
itself sensible again, until the fish  
no longer freeze in the hook of my hand.

## Sundown at Swan Lake, Missouri

At the lake's edge  
I face the west  
and count  
last waves  
dying in the sun.

The speedboats' rip  
recedes  
to the far edge  
of my inner ear.  
The wake vanishes.

Stones turn cold  
beneath my feet.  
The day falls  
as fast as  
a hawk to prey.

I do not want  
to be anywhere  
except here:  
the waves  
cease to break  
and last birds  
glide unruffled  
at my feet  
across the constant  
plain of sky.

My eyes are full  
of the silver  
of water, a smooth  
metal drawing  
my hands

to the test  
I refuse  
to take:  
I will not drown  
to know my life.

## Swan Lake, Again

I name this lake  
a wash for tired eyes,  
a balm for the poor  
Galahad, the quester

I am for words.  
There's something in  
the blood that draws  
the water to my eyes,  
something that knows  
the slightest of things

must be named.  
Even the snake

down there, down there,  
curling through my hair.

There are dreams  
of water

snakes have  
I can never know,

but when you  
curl through me,

I feel the marrow twist,  
old friend,

brother to my blood,  
sworn enemy of heels.

Karlene Gentile

## Night Fishing

It isn't that I mind your coming in  
through every door and window  
like a gusty wind, blowing books  
and magazines around, stirring dust,  
rifling my edges.

What I hide from you you find  
but when I reach for you I reach  
through pools  
of blue green water.

Somewhere on a lake in Missouri  
I see you, your face easy  
as the water that lures you.  
Strange man, white and blue boat  
that cuts the surface  
of my waters clean,  
you are in my life  
like the tangled roots and banks  
you fish for bass.

## Wooing

After the thunder and rain have passed  
the late morning breathes again. She sits  
on a wooden stool sorting threads  
from a knotted tangle, and she binds  
them into skeins. Outside, blades  
of grass sprout through earth.  
From her window she sees a man approach  
driving a horse and wagon. He hitches  
them. Out of the wagon he pulls two tied  
sacks. He lifts each to balance the weight.  
One he puts back in the wagon. The other  
he slings upon his shoulder. She knows  
he is not a robber. She knows he will woo her  
when the time is right. Behind him, white  
mountains rise and fall. A lake glitters.  
In the west dense clouds gather.



## A Kansas City Song

The locust sounds  
in the center  
of the grey wall

In the grey wall's center  
a landscape  
The River Kaw leaking  
between railyards and warehouses

The evening thunderheads  
orange across their faces  
The landscape a dark rectangle  
a locust at its center

The rhythm of the locust's song  
the slowing  
of my breath before sleep

## The Sax Man Is Waiting to Play

The young kid  
steps in to jam.  
A train pulls in  
and the sax man  
steps back  
waiting to play,  
stands there  
that wet reed  
close against his neck.  
The engine's hum  
through the red light  
a long low blues riff  
out of the bottoms,  
and the sax man's  
waiting to play.  
He's easing over  
like family  
gathering in the kitchen  
for Sunday dinner  
as clouds build overhead.  
But the sax man knows  
he can blow.  
And he's waiting.  
Yea, and he can hold on,  
He's got all night.  
He knows how sweet  
this kid is.  
But he just leaves him  
out in the air,  
a fragrance  
without a name.

Thomas Dale Cowan

## Current River

The river-lure pulls us  
Over leaves, flat and heavy below,  
Procession of pebble and stone,  
More leaves float around,  
Lifted down through air,  
Out of their bodies, free as witnesses.

Erect and silent, we float  
And pump, a weed-tangle drags,  
I feel the pull, the splash  
From your eye glancing  
Over your tight brown shoulder  
At me, your hand curled, aching,  
Run down the paddle, dip  
To the wrist, below water,  
Sunlight slicing, circling  
As wet bracelets and rings.  
River-gifts promised  
Cling to your skin,  
Caught on separate fingers.

I dip oar and wear them too,  
Cuffed and chained to the offering.

Our paddles vein the surface,  
The misleading folds that blind us  
As we cut through the current  
Defying it, and across it  
The throb and gush of our prow  
Muscles us forward, penetrating,  
Parting the wake behind purposefully.  
We bleed on each other,  
Our fingers pressed together,  
Finally, beneath the surface,  
The initiation over.

This river-pulse passes through  
Our own current, is our own now,  
Hypnotically becoming so.  
And we surrender, play out  
The final miles of water  
On the river's terms.

Never, even with friend,  
Even as lover, do we drown  
In more affection and fear  
Than in this river's blood.

## Shook

She bothers me  
When she shakes her hips  
Knowing she's shook me up,  
Always bright brown  
In a mist of yellow.

Her voice echoes  
In my head,  
Tingling my eardrums.  
My nature's lit  
Like a match  
In pure black  
When near her.

I'd grab and squeeze  
All the width of her,  
But I'm petrified  
By the tasty thought.  
Though I haven't fulfilled  
The dream that hardens me  
To run  
I hope one day  
To open her up,  
Give her all I've got.

## On 10th Alley Way

Caramel ladies,  
Swelling in maternity lines,  
Produce sweet raw babies  
That come out fresh,  
Almost eatable.  
Everyone wants a taste  
Of jaw, thigh, foot.  
No matter the inherited  
Societal blemish  
As surely as night falls  
The skin changes.  
The world's a cold if kool street  
Where babies scream  
About scary things  
While they lie wrapped  
In their wet space  
Getting diaper rash.

## The Weatherman Says He's Sorry

He's hung his head again today  
says he's doing the best he can

what with Kansas passing on  
air still warm with the smell of wheat

and all those farm boys  
working behind their hay balers.

He can't explain the frontal system  
that rose like a tidal wave days after

a hay truck near Colby leaned too far,  
as those storms always do, toward evening.

Now old friends ring us up, drunk,  
as though they have fallen apart in the field,

we listen for coherence, a pattern,  
but they're gone quick as a squal

or child that's taken to getting high  
or spring air trying to clean itself

and the weatherman never seems to argue  
over what is predictable and what is not,

as the smell of sweat blows in from the west  
like the prices we have come to pay

and we blame anyone who'll say sorry,  
it's all my fault.

## Boss Told Me

shake hands with that shovel  
dig manholes straight and clean  
take gloves off patching sewers  
while rubbers and corn flow  
between my legs, boss told me  
elbows and assholes are all  
he wants to see, water bugs  
covering the inside of manholes  
like strangely moving vinyl  
boss said, don't let them get on ya,  
boss'd cement your feet  
if you didn't keep movin, tell you  
he was twice your age and twice as good  
blow his nose on the ground  
during lunch, told me my back  
was all he was payin for,  
take good care of it.

## A Flow Behind The Walls

This is the truth I grew up with.  
In making the lead connection, a plumber  
would cut the pipe square,  
shave, candle and tin the end,  
wipe a smooth silver muscle  
of lead around the joint.

There is that flow, then, that generates flow,  
the kind of life a plumber primes  
when he comes home from the shop, sons  
and grandsons who take on the tools  
like a language we learn without even studying—  
the syntax of calking iron and running rope,  
long sentences of fittings that hold  
there own clear sense.

For every plumber who shows up in your basement  
there are sons at home, the flux that holds,  
the kind of value you never see.

And I think of my father, his plumb line and level,  
and the day he took me with him to the job,  
a whole story no one ever sees,  
right angles and parallel lines  
crafted to a logic you could follow in the dark.

But today I work in a friend's basement  
on the distance between tub drain and trap,  
from brass to lead, and I want to know,  
not how a plumber would do it,  
but how I, after all this time away,  
could make the connection.

All the rain that has not even fallen  
leans over the clouds to watch me work,  
as though, here, someday, those drops will gather  
and hold their reunion in the wild basement air.

Eric Abrams

## Light Be Nimble

There we were, in love. She played the piano,  
while I clipped her toenails. She washed her hair in hot  
wax, as I filled her naval with grape juice. She made  
a purple, hairy candle that was as strong as nails, yet  
which required very little care. I became jealous. She  
put the candle on her piano when she played Carnegie  
Hall. When it melted on stage, I was blamed for its  
death, for I'd dilluted the grape juice too much. Guilty,  
I sat in the corner for several years, waiting to see the  
light of a second chance. I am still waiting, in the dark,  
with a can of grape juice, some clippers, a little parafin,  
a wick, some matches, and a flashlight with fresh  
batteries.

## Home Movies

The room blackens  
And white light clatters on the screen.  
A circle pinwheels into sections,  
Numbers collapse from ten to zero.  
The family stands like figurines.

The room dissolves and stutters:  
Children attacking presents,  
Wrapper clouds and flying strings.  
The punch bowl erupts  
With Sonny's new soft ball.  
Sissy's dolly wets the velvet chair.  
The spaniel mouths his rubber mouse,  
And mother bites her smile.  
The room capsizes,  
Then rights itself again.  
Haloes of over-exposure spin,  
And in the viewing room  
No sound above the projector's fan.

The viewers watch themselves  
In the room they are watching in,  
Running towards themselves,  
Holding out their gifts  
From fifteen years ago to now,  
As if they could be received again.  
All of the family now  
Touches the upholstery, carpet, chairs,  
Each reflected in his own eyes,  
Eyes he can never see.

But what of father, the cameraman?  
He cannot be found in any of his features.  
No one ever thought to capture him on film.  
Think of him as a witness  
Circulating between then and now,  
Passing quietly among the viewers.  
See how he stoops and focuses  
Against the faces, furnishings, walls and screen.  
See how he never stops recording.  
Above his audience's breathing,  
Hear the steady ticking of the frames.



## Manhunt

My hound and I are tracking an escape artist.  
His trail is always fresh.  
He taunts us with clues,  
Leaves fingerprints on everything I touch.  
Whenever we arrive he's just checked out,  
His cigarettes still burning in my rooms.

He leads us further from home  
And I have to use the things he leaves behind,  
Dressing in his wrinkled suits  
Eating his leftovers  
Drying off with his soggy towels.

Cutting the corner ahead of us,  
His car disappears in a van.  
He ducks through drapes  
Edges along parapets  
Jumps from boxcar roofs.  
My hound tugs at his leash.

It's been going on so long  
I'm beginning to talk like him.  
In my own dreams I am a fugitive,  
And he passes the baton to me.

Lying awake in his pajamas  
I hear his breathing  
On the other side of the wall.

Sometimes I think I've almost got my man.  
After dinner, alone in my room,  
When I reach for the paper or a match,  
My old hound sniffs at me and growls.

## Stool Pigeon

You held me to the light  
Rummaged, bugged, frisked  
and dusted me for prints.  
But you misunderstood,  
I didn't mean what I said.  
Next time you hear from me  
My words will be aliases,  
A file hidden in my name.  
Look for me between the lines,  
And for me, read *The Canary*,  
I've sung on myself like the yellow bird,  
I've forged my own name.  
I keep a non-sequitur  
Under my tongue  
In case I'm apprehended.  
You were the only one who understood me,  
And now I can no longer say what I mean.

## I Shopped

I shopped  
For groceries  
When a phrase  
The center of a poem  
Leaped into my head  
And my wife  
Concerned  
About the price of broccoli  
Wondered at my scrambling about  
For a scrap of paper  
In the cheese section,  
Like most people  
Deaf to the fury  
That roams the aisles  
At our A & P

## A Close-Knit Family

One thing she had not  
Thank God  
Had to endure:  
Having the children  
Love their father  
More than her

Now they were grown  
She was determined  
That having had them  
They would remain  
Forever hers

So she began  
Inviting no one  
To the house  
Except the children  
And they were known  
Throughout the parish  
As a close-knit family

Her husband  
Had not much to say  
But she did not mind  
And pursed her lips  
At the rages  
That exploded  
Now and then  
Behind well-taught eyes

She had endured indignities enough  
And when women told her  
How well she looked  
After all these years  
And such a large beautiful family  
She gazed down  
At her hands  
Their whiteness still  
As lovely  
As butterflies  
On a wedding dress

## A Remembering Man

A remembering man  
Took photographs of birds  
Their inquisitive eyes  
Stunning his camera into silence  
And he dreamed about a page  
In some bright  
Calendar of events  
To show his children  
Silence gazing upon silence  
Flowers admired  
For the part they played  
In a dumb still-show

And when he gazed upon his wife  
It was not her beauty  
And the palpable  
Loneliness that he should have kissed  
That engaged him  
But the documentable  
Aloneness that lay behind  
The shining curvings of her eyes:  
How he wished  
He'd had a film in his camera

It should have been enough  
To madden him  
Flowers somehow something other  
Than flowers  
And though there be tigers there  
And all the silences of whales  
The dark wet sea  
An occasion only for remembering

And though those bright tigers  
And the quiet whales  
Swam unobserved  
In every framed corner of his well-kept lawn  
The flowers were cut  
And pressed into the Family Bible  
So that some day  
Someone would remember  
What it must have been like  
To be alive





## Biography of authors

Eric Abrams lives in St. Louis. He is the author of two books of fables, "Once a Pawn of Time" and "Happily Never After".

Stan Banks lives in Kansas City, Missouri, where he is a school teacher. Banks is a graduate of Howard University and has a book coming called "One Tenth Alley Way."

Walter Borgen lives in Ashland, Missouri. He has published his poetry in various magazines. He is the author of one book of poems called "Fields of Thénar" (Singing Wind Press). His photographs have appeared in *Missouri Life* and he works as a carpenter.

Jim Barnes lives in Macon, Missouri and teaches at Northeast Missouri State University in Kirksville. His new books of poems is forthcoming from the University of Illinois Press. He is the editor of *The Chariton Review*.

Albert Bellg lives in Kansas City, Missouri where he works on the radio program "New Letters On the Air." He teaches English part-time at the University of Missouri at Kansas City. He is the author of a book of poems called "Brown and Blue" (Singing Wind Press) that will be coming out the end of this year.

Jim Bogan teaches English at the University of Missouri at Rolla. He is the author of one book of poetry, "Trees in the Same Forest" and a second book of poetry and prose called "Ozark Meandering."

Arthur Brown lives in St. Louis. He is famous for the oral renditions of his jazz and blues oriented poetry.

Lenore Carroll is a part-time teacher and student at the University of Missouri at Kansas City. She has published her fiction previously.

Jan Castro lives in St. Louis and is the co-editor of *River Styx* magazine.

Michael Castro lives in St. Louis. He is the co-editor of *River Styx* magazine, and the author of "Ghosts Hiways and Other Poems" and "Cracks".

Elias Chiasson lives in St. Louis where he teaches at St. Louis University.

Michael Coor is a former resident of St. Louis who now makes his home in Seattle. He is the author of several books of poems, including "Brooming to Paradise,"

and is one of the finest wood-block artists in the country.

Robert Dyer lives in Boonville, Missouri. He is the author of "Oracle of the Turtle." Many of his poems revolve around the I Ching.

Greg Field lives in Kansas City and will have a new book coming out called, "The End of This Set."

Laya Firestone lives in St. Louis and attends the School of Social Work at Washington University. Her translations from the Hebrew have appeared widely. These are some of the first poems of her own to be published.

Victoria Garton lives in Nevada, Missouri where she is a judge. She has published her poetry in small magazines.

Karlene Gentile lives in St. Louis and is the publisher of *Singing Wind Press*. She teaches at the University of Missouri-St. Louis and has recently completed her first novel, "Fugue."

Paul Gianoli teaches literature at the college of the Ozarks. His first book of poems, "Blueprint" will be published by Singing Wind Press.

George Gurley lives in Lawrence, Kansas. He also writes fiction and plays.

Paul Johnson teaches at the University of Missouri at Rolla. His poems have been published in various magazines.

Robert Killoren lives in Florissant, Missouri. He is the editor of "Late Harvest," an anthology of midwestern poetry, and author of two books of poetry.

John Knoepfle teaches at Sangamon State University in Springfield, Illinois. He is the author of "Rivers Into Islands" and "The Intricate Land." A volume of his selected poems is being prepared now.

Lev Mak is a Russian poet who was thrown out of the Soviet Union by the KGB. For a number of years he lived in Kansas City where he worked as an engineering translator. He worked directly with Dan Jaffe on the versions of his poems which appear here.

Thomas McAfee teaches at the University of Missouri at Columbia. He is the author of many books.

Jerrold Metz lives in St. Louis. He is the author of several books of poetry, including "Speak Like Rain" and "Angels in the House."

Virginia Scott Minor is retired from the

head position in English at Country Day School. Her letters and manuscripts are being collected by the University of Indiana. She lived in Kansas City for many years, but now resides in Warsaw, Indiana.

Fred Pfister lives in Lookout Point, Missouri. He is a professor at the School of the Ozarks.

Carter Revard lives in St. Louis and teaches at Washington University. He is part Osage and was given the Osage name Nompewathe in 1952. His poetry has appeared in *Nimrod*, *River Styx*, *Denver Quarterly*, *Webster Review*, *Epoch*, *Shantih*, and others. He has been anthologized in: "Voices of the Rainbow," "The Remembered Earth," and "American Indian Poetry." A book of his poems will be published this year: "Ponca War Dancers" (Point Riders Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1980).

Ted Schaefer lives in Greyslake, Illinois. He teaches at the College of Lake County. He's the author of two collections of poems: "After Drought" (Raindust Press) and "The Summer People" (Singing Wind Press).

Howard Schwartz lives in St. Louis, Missouri and presently teaches at the University of Missouri-St. Louis. He is the author of two books of poetry, "Vessels" and "Gathering the Sparks: Poems 1965-1979," and of four books of short fiction, including "The Captive Soul of the Messiah." He has edited the anthologies "Imperial Messages: One Hundred Modern Parables" and "Voices Within the Ark: the Modern Jewish Poets" (with Anthony Rudolf).

Peter L. Simpson lives in St. Louis. He is the author of "Keeping Open" and works as the assistant to the president of Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville.

Bob Stewart is the author of a chapbook of poems and lives in Kansas City, Missouri.

Robert Thompson lives in Columbia, Missouri. His fiction has appeared in the *New Yorker* and *Harper's*.

Corinne Underwood lives in Kansas City, Missouri, where she is a graduate student at the University of Missouri. She has won the Storck Prize for Fiction.

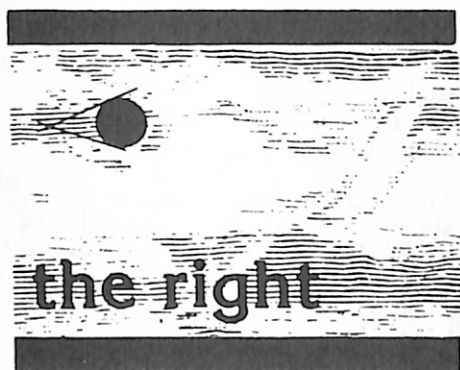
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## American Security Council

American Security Council Education Foundation is appealing for \$4,000,000 to launch a "truth-in-national-security television campaign to galvanize America to rebuild its strength." ASCEF's fund-raising letters are full of anti-Carter references and attacks on SALT II, even though it is tax-exempt.

## John Birch

The current Chairman of the Republican Study Committee, the caucus of conservative GOP members of the House, is John Rousselot, former Director of Public Relations for the John Birch Society.

## National Committee to Restore Internal Security

National Committee to Restore Internal Security has been organized by

former security officials with a distinctly right-wing flavor to protest the dismantling of various Congressional committees and executive agencies in the past few years. Chaired by Robert Morris, former chief counsel of the Senate Internal Security Committee and a conservative activist, the committee members include Reed Irvine, President of Accuracy in Media; William A. Rusher, Publisher of National Review; J.F. Schlafly, husband of Phyllis Schlafly, retired military brass; and Otto Otepka, the dismissed security man at the Department of State. Its press spokesman is J.A. Parker, one of the few blacks active in the organized right.

## Pro-nuclear coalition

Two organizations that are actively supporting nuclear energy are the John Birch Society and Americans FOR Nuclear Energy, a fairly new coalition operating in Washington, D.C. Officers of the second group include Mrs. Gabriele Pitcairn Pendleton, a defender of Richard Nixon and a right-to-work leader. The organization's treasurer is John T. Dolan, head of the National Conservative Political Action Committee, sponsors of the ads attacking liberal incumbent senators.

The Birchers organized a special committee called POWER—Promote Our Wonderful Energy Resources—

to push nuclear and other energy sources. Its principal spokesman is Dr. Peter Beckmann, a University of Colorado engineer. Beckmann is also an official of Consumer Alert, a right-wing group.

## "Pro-family network" grows bigger and bolder

A coalition of right-wing politicians abortion and ERA foes and fundamentalist preachers has preempted the "pro-family" label.

The May/June issue of Conservative Digest, published by Richard A. Viguerie, head of the "new right" network, features an 11-page description of what it calls "the pro-family movement," including a diagram captioned "The Pro-Family Network."

Paul Weyrich, "the brilliant political strategist who founded the . . . Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress and who has been at the center of the growth of the pro-family movement," dismisses his opponents ("the antifamily forces") with epithets such as "hard-core socialists" and declares: "One of the Communists' chief objectives has always been to break down the traditional family."

About the conservative movement, Weyrich says, "very few candidates, including the national candidates, have any idea what is happening with these groups—of their developing political sophistication, and their willingness to work harder than any other groups I am aware of."

The magazine cites leaders of the movement, including 13 members of Congress. Organizations listed include National Christian Action Coalition, Moral Majority, Jo Ann Gasper's Right Woman, The Conservative Caucus and American Legislative Exchange Council (which meets August 14-17 in St. Louis).

The category of pro-family organizations, relatively new in the right-wing network, includes the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights, Pro-Family Forum, Life Advocates, Citizens for Constructive Education, Phyllis Schlafly's Eagle Forum and Stop-ERA, Martha Rountree's Leadership Foundation and Rosemary Thomson's White House Conference on Families Review Board (a critic of White House conferences).

Sketches of 17 evangelicals in the movement include Pat Robertson, Jerry Falwell, Adrian Rogers and James Robison, along with Ed McAteer—the Conservative Caucus official who started the Religious Roundtable—and Tim LaHaye.

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# Primary Results continued from page 6

funds for the general election race against Eagleton. McNary had raised nearly \$375,000 by early August.

Eagleton also coasted through the primary, amassing more than half-a-million votes.

The only ripple of excitement occurred shortly before the primary, when a niece of the senator claimed that she had information and photographs damaging to him.

Elizabeth Weigand, 22, threatened to release the information on the day before the primary unless Eagleton persuaded his family business, Missouri Pipe Fittings Co., to purchase her \$220,000 in company stock.

Eagleton said he refused his niece's demands because he thought she would donate the money to the Church of Scientology, of which she is a member.

Weigand and her attorney, Stephen Poludniak, were arrested and later released on their own recognizance. No information damaging to Eagleton ever surfaced.

## House Contest

In the election for the state's only open House seat, Democrat Steve Gardner won the 8th District nomination with less than 25 percent of the vote in a crowded field.

He will compete with Republican state Rep. Wendell Bailey for the post, which is now held by retiring Democrat Richard H. Ichord, who served 10 terms.

Gardner is a three-term state representative from Ellisville, an outlying St. Louis suburb. He carried the St. Louis County areas of the district as well as Boone (Columbia) and four other counties.

The other candidates generally were unable to expand their local bases of support.

State Rep. Michael Lybyer, who finished second, had concentrated his efforts in the rural areas of the district. He ran well there, but won only in Texas County, where he is a cattle farmer.

Trailing Lybyer was Jefferson City attorney Tom Rost. He won the three counties close to his home — Cole,

Moniteau and Osage — but showed little strength elsewhere.

Gardner, a member of the state House Appropriations Committee, has earned a reputation as a fiscal conservative but has not called for a constitutional amendment to balance the budget.

He opposes gun control and favors a constitutional amendment banning abortions, but is seen as moderate to liberal on other issues. As a state legislator, he supported revision of the state's campaign finance laws and favored ratification of the Equal Rights Amendment. He advocates draft registration for both men and women but opposes resumption of the draft at this time.

Lybyer's campaign sounded conservative themes. He supported a balanced-budget constitutional amendment, opposed the strategic arms limitation treaty (SALT II) with the Soviet Union and favored resumption of the draft for men only.

In the Republican primary, Bailey ran well throughout the district and won the nomination with more than a third of the vote. He finished first in 14 of the district's 19 counties.

Bailey, 40, calls himself an advocate of "free market economics" and thinks a balanced-budget amendment may be necessary to prohibit deficit spending. He favors spending "significantly more" on defense and brands the SALT II treaty "a delusion and a sham."

The runner-up to Bailey was Paul Dietrich, a state representative from the St. Louis suburb of Ballwin.

Dietrich, a leader in the unsuccessful 1978 drive to pass a state right-to-work law, won his home county and Cole County (Jefferson City) and finished second in Boone County (Columbia).

Former state Sen. Larry Marshall of Columbia won Boone County but ran in the middle of the pack everywhere else and finished a poor third.

Commodities broker Don Meyer, the 1978 Republican nominee, won his home base of Franklin County and was fourth overall. Meyer won 40 percent of the vote against Ichord in the 1978 general election.

## MO. STATE PRIMARY RESULTS

(Based on unofficial returns.)

\*Nominee

Candidate	Vote	Percent
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### GOVERNOR

James I. Spainhower (D)	284,362	44.5
*Joseph P. Teasdale (D)	344,018	53.8
Milton Morris (D)	11,012	1.7
William C. Phelps (R)	120,114	35.1
Paul Binggelli (R)	1,934	0.5
*Christopher S. Bond (R)	217,286	63.4
Troy Spencer (R)	3,358	1.0

### SENATE

Lee C. Sutton (D)	51,333	8.3
Herb Fillmore (D)	37,433	6.1
*Thomas F. Eagleton (D)	528,834	85.6
David Doctorinn (R)	81,016	26.0
Gregory Hansman (R)	18,599	6.0
*Gene McNary (R)	191,028	61.2
Morris D. Duncan (R)	21,458	6.8

### HOUSE

North St. Louis		
Elsa D. Hill (D)	4,498	10.0
*William Clay (D)	31,867	70.6
David Grace (D)	2,694	6.0
Melvin Smotherson (D)	6,070	13.4
Takuri Tei (R)	1,327	15.2
*Bill White (R)	7,384	84.8
2 St. Louis suburbs and western suburbs		
*Robert A. Young (D)	50,070	86.3
Edward P. Roche (D)	7,932	13.7

*John O. Shields (R)	11,751	33.1
Joseph J. Rohan (R)	2,375	6.7
Hugh V. Murray (R)	7,727	21.7
Norman A. Myers (R)	10,220	28.8
Wallace Anderson (R)	3,465	9.7

### 3 Southern St. Louis and suburbs

*Richard A. Gephardt (D)	Unopposed
*Robert A. Cedarburg (R)	Unopposed

### 4 West—Kansas City, Independence

*Ike Skelton (D)	63,200	88.5
William B. Biggs (D)	8,203	11.5
James G. Dolson (R)	5,598	21.9
*Bill Baker (R)	15,821	62.0
John Hovis (R)	4,097	16.1

### 5 Kansas City

*Richard Bolling (D)	40,656	81.7
Bert Naberhaus (D)	9,110	18.3
*Vincent E. Baker (R)	11,181	71.6
Stella Sollars (R)	4,432	28.4
Gene Schweizer (D)	16,409	29.0
H.N. Sutherland (D)	17,847	31.5
*Vernon King (D)	22,372	39.5

### 6 Northwest—St. Joseph

*E. Thomas Coleman (R)	Unopposed	
*Ken Young (D)	13,224	46.8
James W. Roberts (D)	7,702	27.3
Virgil J. Hill (D)	7,306	25.9

### 7 Southwest—Springfield, Joplin

*Gene Taylor (R)	Unopposed	
Michael R. Burke (D)	1,185	1.8
George D. Weber (D)	1,415	2.2

James C. Foreman (D)	765	1.2
William D. Kimme (D)	3,035	4.7
Louis E. Bredeman (D)	725	1.1
John L. Woodward (D)	6,825	10.7
Leonard L. Bade (D)	708	1.1
Tom Rost (D)	9,253	14.4
Michael J. Lybyer (D)	10,428	16.3
Jim McHugh (D)	9,238	14.4
Frank H. Welch (D)	304	0.5

### 8 Central—Columbia

Emerald McKay (D)	1,248	2.0
Ann Kutscher (D)	3,333	5.2
*Steve Gardner (D)	14,503	22.6
E.C. Grandstaff (D)	1,125	1.8
*Wendell Bailey (R)	17,540	33.8
Larry R. Marshall (R)	9,857	19.0
Paul Dietrich (R)	13,791	26.6
Billy Brown (R)	608	1.2
Janice Noland (R)	2,447	4.7
Don Meyer (R)	7,621	14.7

### 9 Northeast—Florissant

*Harold L. Volkmer (D)	72,023	86.4
Hiram King (D)	11,329	13.6
Arthur L. Martin (R)	5,068	18.8
*John W. Turner (R)	14,785	55.0
Terry G. Agler (R)	3,000	11.2
Ken A. Dudley (R)	4,045	15.0

### 10 Southeast—Cape Girardeau

*Bill D. Burlison (D)	50,643	57.6
Frank X. Hastings (D)	37,305	42.4
Jim Weir (R)	5,456	22.5
*Bill Emerson (R)	18,755	77.5